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C. S. PARNEILL, ESQ., M.P.

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LIFE

OF

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS ANCESTRY.

Before sketching the career of Mr. Parnell from his birth to the present hour, we deem it proper to give some account of the sources whence he sprang. It will be found that on the maternal as well as on the paternal side he had a distinguished ancestry; the former being as noted for honest, hearty hate of English oppression and love of domination as the latter for sincere and practical Irish patriotism.

The story we have to tell must naturally possess a powerful interest for the Irish people; but even if Charles Stewart Parnell were not so endeared to them as he is, the record would have intrinsically a strong attraction for every reader, for it deals with a number of people eminent or illustrious in their day, some of whom played leading parts on the world's great stage, and some, again, about whose lives there is all the brilliancy of romance. In this latter category stands the Irish-American Admiral Stewart, whose daring and successful exploits on the ocean, in especial against the British in the war of 1812, were extraordinary, and whose splendid career will be traced with considerable fulness of detail in a subsequent paper. Another of Mr. Parnell's maternal ancestors, Judge Tudor, took a stern part against the British in the American war of independence; so that we have the interesting fact that the gallant member for Meath has in his veins the blood of men who fought against England in the two wars between that country and the United States. We may add here that the facts we shall set down will be drawn from authentic sources many of which are not generally available.

Beginning with the Parnells, we must say at the outset that they were originally an English family, settled for many centuries in the

neighbourhood of Congleton in Cheshire. Whatever English prejudices concerning Ireland they may have had at first they soon lost; the English sympathies they must have brought with them in the beginning grew more and more modified as generation after generation intermarried in Ireland; until at length the family obtained renown for its Irish patriotism.

Strange it is, but true, that many of our most honoured patriots of the past—the men whose memory the Irish people will ever cherish and reverence—sprang originally from the alien race. They saw the great mass of the people ground into powder, and at the same time cut off from their natural leaders by the infamous penal laws; and with generous hearts aflame with indignation they sprang to the front, and thought, wrote, spoke, fought, and died in the effort to right Ireland's wrongs. So we had Tones and Emmets, Sheareses and Fitzgeralds, leading the people, when O'Briens and MacCarthys, Kavanaghs and O'Neills, were hidden away in enforced obscurity. Times have changed since then, and numbers of men of the old race have taken and are taking the part that befits them in the front rank of our political life; but deep down in Ireland's grateful heart—rooted, fixed, immovable—is the passionate recollection of services rendered and sacrifices made in her cause by so many whose ancestors of a few generations before were as English as the towers of Windsor Castle. Never again will it be possible to create disunion, as in former days, between "the old Irish" and "the new Irish." The unalterable creed of our people is the creed so well preached by Thomas Davis:—

" Yet start not, Irish-born man—
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
We have no curse for you.

" And oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose,
As filled by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows.'

The founder of the Parnell family in Ireland was one Thomas, who came over from Cheshire about the time of the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the British throne in the person of Charles the Second.

Thomas Parnell bought an estate in the Queen's County, and so came by it in an honest way than three-fourths of the ancestors of the present landed proprietors of Ireland. He thrived on this estate; his affairs prospered; and he gave an excellent education to his two sons, John and Thomas, whom he respectively devoted to law and the Church.

John, the younger, who finally came into the family estates, both in Ireland and England, was a man of ability and prominence in his day. He attained a seat in the Court of Queen's Bench, and died leaving behind him accumulated property.

The parson was also a man of much ability, and enjoyed, not only in his own day, but even up to a generation ago, considerable renown as a poet. He was also a scholar and a wit. He was born in Dublin in 1669, and educated at Trinity College, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1700. Three years afterwards he was ordained; and in 1705 he received the appointment of Archdeacon of Clogher. But his predilections leaned more towards literary work than to ministerial duties, and he preferred to mingle with Swift and Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Pope, in the warm London coffee-houses, than to mumble through written-out homilies in the cold church of Clogher. Some excuse may be found for him, however; for, although he was probably never reduced to the extremity of his friend Dean Swift at Laracor, when, unable truthfully to begin his sermon with the formal "Dearly beloved brethren," he commenced his address to his sole listener, the parish clerk, with the famous "Dearly beloved Roger," Parson Parnell's congregation must of necessity have been scanty. So in London he spent much of his time, writing poems of a highly moral tendency, as befitted a preacher of the Gospel, occasionally trying his hand at prose, but more often revelling in the enjoyment of the brilliant conversation of the wits with whom he mixed.

His wife, a lady celebrated both for her beauty and her amiability, died after a union with him of but seven years. He never recovered from the blow. Thenceforth to the end of his own life he was subject to fits of depondency, and generally shunned the gay society in which formerly he had taken such keen delight. Dean Swift obtained for him the living of Finglas, near Dublin, and so added another to the literary attractions and memories which, through Steele, Addison, Tickell, Sheridan, Delany, and Swift himself, surround the neighbourhood of the old hamlet of Glasnevin.

Dr. Thomas Parnell died at a comparatively early age, on his way from London to Ireland, in the ancient city of Chester, in 1717. His remains were interred in one of the churches of the place of his death. He was only in his thirty-eighth year, and had survived his wife but for half a decade. He had issue; but his branch of the Parnell family soon died out.

Among his prose works was the "Life of Homer" which was prefixed to the poet Pope's translation of the Iliad. Pope held Parnell in high honour, and after his death edited an edition of his poems. Other poets joined in applauding him. Oliver Goldsmith wrote of him that "his language is the language of life, conveying the warmest thoughts in the simplest expressions." The Scotch poet, Campbell, still more laudatory, says of Parnell's poetry that "its compass is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful, from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied

his polished phraseology." And he adds: "The studied happiness of his diction does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves in its cultured state the natural fragrance of its milder air." Even Dr. Johnson joined in the chorus of praise, saying of Parnell that "he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes;" and further observes concerning some of his poems: "It is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature." With this brief notice we must be content to part from the one bard of the Parnell family.

John, the judge, was more fortunate with regard to posterity than his brother. He left behind him a son—another John—from whom descended a line of illustrious men. First there was this latter John, who sat in the Irish House of Commons as member for Maryborough for several successive Parliaments. He is described as "a man of great integrity and most amiable character." The "great integrity" was undoubtedly hereditary in the family, as we shall see; the "amiability" has descended too, with this difference—that it is not unvarying or unalterable, but is at times considered very much out of place, more especially in the British House of Commons.

John, the judge, had settled at Rathleague in Queen's County; and, as previously intimated, had left his son a man of good estate. This latter, the member for Maryborough, married in 1744 into a family which, if names are to be relied on, must have been of tolerably pure Gaelic blood. His spouse was Anne Ward, daughter of Michael Ward, of Castle Ward, county Down. Those Wards were by no means ashamed of their Irish name, as is proved by the fact that they bestowed it on their residence. The Wards of Castle Ward were people of consequence in their day; a brother of Mrs. Anne Parnell having been created Lord Bangor. Her husband, too—the "man of great integrity"—must have been a man of ability also, and have "done the State some service," for we find that he was created a baronet in the year 1766, and was thenceforth entitled to be addressed as "Sir John."

Sir John had a son, also christened John, concerning whom more must be said than of his father. While the father sat as member for Maryborough, the son entered the House of Commons in Collegegreen as member for Bangor. Both, in fact, were striving together to serve their country in a public capacity—and by this time the Parnells had learned to think no country in the world as theirs but Ireland.

The son was a remarkable man. He had a genuine talent for business; and as the circumstances of the family forbade its exercise in the paths of commerce, he gave the full benefit of it to his land. In public speaking he never attempted to be rhetorical; at a time when Irish Parliamentary orators sought after brilliant periods and pointed epigrams and flashing images, this John Parnell of whom

we now speak was content to say out his thoughts plainly, without any straining after ornament. Wholly unaffected in feeling, he was satisfied with "correct language and a delivery close to his subject;" and indeed seems to have concerned himself more with the matter than the manner of his speeches—to have been more solicitous to have something weighty to say than as to the way in which he said it. He is described as being a man of "blunt honesty, a strong discriminating mind, and good talents."

His father—the "man of great integrity"—died in the year of the declaration of the independence of the Irish Parliament, 1782, and left him in turn "Sir John." This second Sir John was colonel of a regiment of the famous Volunteers of '82, and at a very early stage of the movement for independence both himself and his corps adopted it zealously and strenuously. He clung to it without swerving till his last breath, though he had the misfortune to live to see the unforgivable crime of the Union accomplished. After the death of his father he became member for Queen's County, for which he was elected again and again until the extinction of the native Parliament in which he had laboured so long and so honestly.

From an early period of his career he was selected for the holding of office. In 1780, while yet plain John Parnell, he was appointed a commissioner of the revenue; he was made a privy councillor in 1786; and in 1787, when the Right Honourable John Foster—another firm opponent of the Union—vacated the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to take up that of Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, Sir John Parnell succeeded him in the Chancellorship. In this position he took an honest, independent part as a member of the Ministry, and devoted himself with zeal to the furthering of practical measures to forward the prosperity of his native land. He lightened the burthen of taxation on the people; he limited the pension list so that the Government were hampered in buying disgraceful political service at the expense of the country; he secured a favourable commercial treaty with France to the great advantage of Irish trade; and he promoted the canal system at home for the better development of our industrial resources—very creditable work indeed for the eleven years during which he held the seals of the Chancellorship.

He seems to have been so immersed in his useful projects as not to have given requisite care to the consideration of the larger and wider political principles which were then being enunciated in Ireland. Fatal fault! Reform would have saved our Parliament, yet Sir John Parnell continued to hold his position in the Ministry that refused Reform, he dreaming, apparently, that inattention to the question could never surely pave the way for the overthrow of the native legislature he so highly prized. He was destined to a rude awakening.

After the collapse of '98, when the country lay bleeding, bound, and helpless at the feet of wicked, rampant, and unscrupulous power, Sir John Parnell was sent for, and the project of the Union broached

to him. His advice, forsooth, on the question was first requested. He gave it promptly—gave it firmly—gave it inflexibly. It would be a ruinous measure for Ireland.

The villain Castlereagh was much concerned at Sir John's attitude. His personal influence in the House of Commons was great, on account of his admitted honesty, judgment, and talents. His secession from the Ministry would of necessity weaken it. Besides, he represented at least two unpurchaseable votes; for, having married early in life a daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur Brooke, he had now a son, Henry, standing beside him on the floor of the House as member for Maryborough, and possessed of as much integrity and firmness of purpose as any of his predecessors. Castlereagh was at length reduced to his last shift with Sir John Parnell, who was left the option of "revising his opinions" with regard to the destruction of the Irish Parliament, or relinquishing his post with its honours and emoluments, and the certain prospect of elevation to the peerage—the post, too, in which he had already been enabled to do so much for the good of his fellow-countrymen.

It was not in the nature of Sir John Parnell to hesitate before such a choice. He honestly believed a free legislature to be necessary for Ireland's weal, so he abandoned his office, turned his back on its advantages, crossed the floor of the House, and flung himself into the ranks of the patriotic Opposition, where in the debates on the Union question he did effective service.

Sir John Parnell's constituents of Queen's County presented him with an address approving of his conduct. The address was dated the 18th January, 1799, and was signed on behalf of the electors by the high sheriff of the county. In it they remarked that although he had been a member of the Ministry they had such unbounded confidence in his honour that they did not hesitate to elect him three times in succession, and that now he had proved to them that that confidence was justified. In his reply he promised to continue his opposition to the Union project "as a measure which seems to me more likely to endanger than to give strength to the State"—the State that was in his thoughts being Ireland of course. He declined to allow any weight to the arguments in favour of the Union frequently advanced from the legislative union between Scotland and England. He admitted no analogy between the cases. "Scotland," he said, "in respect to its commerce, was sure of advantages, and did not then risk an extensive trade such as Ireland possesses."

The merchants and traders of Dublin city—most of them Orangemen, be it remembered—were delighted with his spirited behaviour; and they too approached him with a highly complimentary address, in which they alluded to his expulsion from the Ministry. In reply to them he said with quiet dignity: "As to my personal situation I acquiesce under it without any adverse feeling. The regards of the most respectable and the most honourable members of the community are a better foundation of honest pride than rank and emolument."

The Maryborough yeomanry, of which he was captain, "added their tribute of respect and congratulation," and presented him with a sword of honour, "as a testimony," they said, "of your dignified and independent principles and conduct." He told them in return that he would be proud to wear that sword in defence of their king, "and of his kingdom of Ireland."

To the last Sir John Parnell and his son Henry actively opposed the Union both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Others who began on their side of the question grew weak and accepted bribes, either in place, pension, or title, until the farce of carrying the odious measure by a purchased majority was gone through in 1800. But, whoever might waver, the two Parnells would not. They stood firm and unbending to the end, untempted by the golden showers rained from the Treasury, unallured by the coronet that would gladly have been offered as the wages of degradation—indeed as a cheap recompense for their betrayal of their country.

Sir Jonah Barrington contributes the following testimony to Sir John Parnell's character, and it is all the higher when we remember how at that period politicians of all shades, both in England and Ireland, strove to divert as much as possible of the public revenue into the pockets of themselves or their relations: "Though many years in possession of high office and extensive patronage, he showed a disinterestedness almost unparalleled; and the name of a relative or a dependent of his own scarcely in a single instance increased the place or the pension lists of Ireland." In Grattan's Life his character is described thus: "An honest, straightforward, independent man, possessed of considerable ability and much public spirit; . . . amiable in private, mild in disposition, but firm in mind and purpose."

After the Union Sir John was sent to the London House of Commons by his old constituency, the electors of the Queen's County. But he did not long survive his country's Parliament. Death seized him, without much warning, on the 5th December, 1801, in London. He was succeeded in the title and estates by his son, Henry, whose career was also a very distinguished one, and highly honouring to himself. He entered the British Parliament as member for the Queen's County in 1802, and while there was always the staunch friend of the oppressed Catholics.

All the members returned to the London Parliament from Ireland—even those who had been most devoted to their native legislature, and who had striven hardest against its extinction—accepted in quiet their new position. Grattan himself, though he advised his countrymen to "keep knocking at the Union" in the hope of demolishing it, never dreamt that the place where the hardest knocks of all could be given was in the London Parliament itself. It never occurred to him that by using his great powers towards the hampering of every proceeding of that institution he could offer to the British only a choice between the disintegration of their own legislature or the restoration of the Irish one. Yet nothing seems more likely than

that if the Irish representation as a whole had behaved, from the very beginning in 1801, as a foreign substance introduced into the imperial body, rankling in it more and more as time went on, straitening it in its every action, making it feel sore at every movement, the British would very soon have been heartily sick of the Union, and been glad to submit to the one operation that alone would relieve them from the inflaming foreign substance. Of course in following this line the Irish members, to be successful, should have acted with prudence as well as firmness, and, while availing themselves of every Parliamentary privilege, should have been careful to keep well within Parliamentary rules; but want either of tact or of courage was not characteristic of the Irish gentlemen of the beginning of the present century, unless the records of the time misrepresent them much. Indeed it required no greater degree of those qualities to be generally antagonistic and troublesome than it did to face on numerous special occasions the angry demon of English bigotry on the Catholic question; yet several Irish members did so face it, and among them one of the foremost was Sir Henry Parnell.

Sir Henry Parnell's instincts and convictions were all towards liberal ideas. From a very early period of his career he espoused the cause of his downtrodden Catholic countrymen with the ardour and honesty of his family. His pen as well as his voice he laboriously exerted in their behalf. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the beneficial effect on the cause of Emancipation produced by his "History of the Penal Laws" and his "Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics." A Protestant himself, and one whose honour and disinterestedness were beyond question by even the most malignant bigot, his powerful arrays of facts supporting his strong arguments must have converted many a sturdy but honest foe into a friend of the Catholic claims. In the British House of Commons also he took every opportunity of speaking on behalf of his Catholic countrymen's rights. He was the constant ally of Grattan and Plunket in the many debates raised from time to time on the Catholic question in that House. Everyone knows that it was the mass of the Irish people, under O'Connell, who in the end overthrew the stronghold of British bigotry; yet sight should not be lost of the fact that the three Irish Protestants just named, in conjunction with some others and some liberal-minded English ones, made the first sharp assaults, took the formidable outworks, and undermined the massive walls. Though the details of their efforts be not now generally remembered—though, in fact, there be tens of thousands in Ireland who have never even heard of their endeavours—one remarkable consequence of those and like generous efforts unalterably remains. There is no office of trust or honour in the gift of Irish Catholics to which an Irish Protestant may not aspire, in the full confidence that it will be given to him as freely as if he worshipped in the same temple as they, provided only that he show himself a true Irishman.

One particular hardship pertaining to the lot of Irish Catholics excited Sir Henry Parnell's deepest pity for the victims and his

warmest indignation against the intolerable oppression—the tithe system. Pressed to the very earth by the exactions of his landlord—often reduced, after all his unending toil from year's end to year's end, to subsist on a scanty portion of the humblest fare, to live in a hovel not a whit better than a pigstye, and to clothe himself in a raiment of tatters such as the ragman would not touch with his crook, much less put into his bag—the peasant had still to support in idleness and luxury the parson whose ministrations he utterly rejected, and whose teachings he declined without thanks. The parson, on his part, sought his “tithes” much as a wolf seeks its prey, and commonly seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in adding every circumstance of aggravation to the collection of the hateful impost. Sir Henry Parnell beheld all this, and his heart was wrung with compassion, his soul was moved with righteous wrath. With pains and labour he gathered revolting instances of the shocking oppressiveness of the tithe exaction, and brought them before the British House of Commons. He exposed the rapacity of numerous clergymen of the established Church in regard to tithes; held up to public execration the diabolical ingenuity which, by the addition of legal costs, ran up the sum for which the peasant was liable to five or six times its original amount; he showed the monstrosity of having the tithe-claimers themselves the judges of their own cases against the peasantry in “the bishop's court;” and denounced the glaring wickedness of parsons like the one who distrained five sheep from a farmer for a tithe of five shillings, and bought them in himself afterwards, under the distress, for a shilling apiece. As with Emancipation, so with tithes—it was the Irish people themselves who overturned the abominable system at last; but the task was rendered easier for them by Sir Henry Parnell; his battering rams had shaken the citadel of iniquity to its foundations, and but that it was buttressed by the combined aristocratic and ecclesiastic power of England it must have fallen before their shocks.

Both before and after Emancipation Sir Henry was in general politics what used to be called a Radical. Taught, probably, by his experience of the Irish Parliament, he was devoted to reform of the English one. He lived to become a peer of Great Britain; but all his life he was heart and soul a democrat. He was one of the men who are said to be in advance of their time, but whose life-labours are nevertheless fruitful for those who come after them. Among the projects he advocated in the British House of Commons were the abolition of all laws restricting either labour or capital, including the abolition of the corn laws which made the food of the people dear; the removal of all unequal taxes, and the substitution of a property tax; the shortening of the term for which members of Parliament are elected, so that constituencies could sooner deal with those who misrepresent them; an extension of the franchise; the introduction of the ballot for the protection of voters from intimidation; and the abolition of flogging in the army and navy, and of impressment in the latter. Most of these projects have since been con-

verted into the law of the British empire ; and so lately as 1879 Mr. C. S. Parnell carried into effect one of the leading ideas of his far-seeing and reforming relative by virtually "killing the 'cat'."

The English people, as well as the Irish, have much for which to thank Mr. C. S. Parnell ; and the case is exactly like with Sir Henry. He it was who opened for them the way to a reform of their Parliament. William the Fourth came to the British throne in the August of 1830. His Prime Minister was the Duke of Wellington ; his Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Robert Peel. On the 12th November Sir Henry Parnell moved a resolution—"That a select committee shall be appointed to take into consideration the estimates and amounts proposed by command of his Majesty regarding the Civil List." As a lively English writer says : "The Civil List is a list of all the revenues of the Crown—the income of the king in fact. And here scarcely had his Majesty got warm in his seat when this audacious man proposed to overhaul it. His Majesty was wrathful, and ordered his Ministers to oppose this daring proposal with all their might. And this, we may be sure, was done. But, lo ! when the division came off, Sir Henry found that he had beaten the Government by a majority of twenty-nine. That was a very great thing to do. But mark what came of it. The Government resigned ; the reign of Toryism—that 'anarchy old'—was overthrown at last ; and the way was opened for Earl Grey and Reform. This opened a new era." It opened a new era for Sir Henry Parnell himself also ; for he was made Secretary for War in Lord Grey's Government, and Paymaster-General of the Forces in Lord Melbourne's. After thirty-nine years of membership in the House of Commons he was transferred to the Lords under the style and title of Baron Congleton. Mental overwork and illness brought on delirium, in 1842 ; and on the eighth of June in that year, at the age of sixty-five, while insanity obscured his reason, he unfortunately killed himself. He left a son, the second Baron Congleton, who has at least the merit of voting in favour of liberal measures.

Sir Henry, like his father, had no pretensions to oratorical power ; but he was admittedly an excellent debater. He is described towards the close of his career as "of the middle size, rather inclining to stoutness ; his complexion is fair ; his features are regular, with a mild expression about them ; and his hair is pure white."

Besides Sir Henry, Sir John Parnell left a son, William, who was content to live the life of a plain country gentleman, possessed of ample fortune. He had a son, named, after his distinguished grandfather and uncle, John Henry ; and of this John Henry Parnell Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., is the fourth son.

Though this branch of the Parnell family was the younger, it was well endowed with worldly means, and had near aristocratic connections. Neither William nor John Henry was distinguished in the political world ; but tradition says that as landlords their relations with their tenantry were of the most satisfactory kind. They would seem, too, to have cherished some pride in connection with the era of

Irish independence, to judge from the care with which certain flags of the Volunteers of '82 have been handed down—flags which at present grace C. S. Parnell's mansion of Avondale, near Rathdrum, county Wicklow.

One of these most interesting relics of a glorious episode in Irish history is a cavalry ensign, of thick silk richly ornamented on both sides. In shape it is of the kind known as a burgee—that is, an oblong flag with a triangular piece taken from its outer edge. On one side the colour of the ensign is red, and on the other yellow. Its dimensions are three feet by two. In a centre-piece on one side appears a dog, with, divided above and below it, the inscription, “*Velox et acer—et fidelis amicis*,” which means, “Swift and sharp—and faithful to friends.” Divided above and below the border of the centrepiece is the further inscription, “Independent Wicklow—Fors. Lt. Drags.”; which last we take to represent “Foresters' Light Dragoons.” On the obverse is an oval centre-piece depicting a harp with crown surmounting a massive castellated structure; and fitted into the corners—a word in each—the following, “July—Anno—Dom—1779,” showing the date at which the Independent Wicklow Foresters' Light Dragoons were embodied. A similar device to this obverse one is painted on, not worked into, the other flag, which is a large infantry ensign of thin silk, now unfortunately giving way before the ravages of time.

John Henry Parnell, when a young man, went about seeing the world with his cousin Lord Powerscourt; and while travelling in America he met, at Washington, the daughter of Admiral Stewart, of the American navy. He made her acquaintance; they became intimate; an attachment sprang up between them; and after a while the aristocratically connected young Irishman took to wife the daughter of the old republican sea-warrior. The marriage was solemnised in New York. By this step John Henry Parnell brought into the family the blood of two men who had dared death in mortal combat with the British forces, and who, we may be sure, had transmitted to their offspring little love of the power whom they had considered it a duty and an honour to oppose even to the shedding of blood. A man's marriage is often the most momentous action of his own life. In the case of John Henry Parnell it was large in its consequences to Great Britain as well as to Ireland; for the issue of his marriage was five sons and six daughters, among those sons was the present virtual leader of the Irish people, and if the land question of Ireland bids fair to get a satisfactory settlement largely through his guidance, the Parliament of Great Britain has received at his hands a shock to its traditions from which it can but slowly recover, if indeed it ever do recover at all.

At this stage of our record we shall leave the Parnells for a while, and turn to Charles Stewart Parnell's maternal ancestry. We shall find in their history many facts of deep interest.

More than a century ago, a Mr. Stewart, of Belfast, who was married to a lady whose maiden name was Sarah Ford, left Ireland in

deep disgust with the state of affairs there, and determined to settle in what were then called the British colonies in North America, but which are now infinitely better known to all the world as the United States. The Fords, we need hardly observe, were originally a Connaught clan, and of as pure Milesian blood as any in Ireland. A great number of Northern Irishmen emigrated to America like Mr. Stewart about that period, and one and all, as even Mr. Froude admits, bore with them a burning hate of English misgovernment.

After the Irish fashion, the Stewarts had a large family. On the 28th of July, 1778, the youngest of eight children, a son, was born to them in Philadelphia, but a few weeks over two years subsequent to the famous "declaration of independence." This son of Irish parents, overflowing with the vitality of the eternal Celtic race from which he drew his origin, lived to become one of the great naval heroes of history, had a career which cannot be described as anything less than romantic; and died after bearing for seven years the title of "admiral"—he being the very first on whom that title was conferred in the navy of the United States. Previous to 1862 the designation of the highest rank in that navy was "commodore;" and Admiral Stewart had been so dubbed formally for a great many years. He was the maternal grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell. We mean to record his career with some detail; but for the sake of clearness in the general narrative we shall leave him for a little while, and turn for a moment to another branch of C. S. Parnell's maternal ancestry.

At the beginning of the American war of independence there was settled in Boston a young lawyer whose name was Tudor. A very English name, every reader will exclaim who remembers that it was the family name of the infamous monarch, Henry the Eighth of England. A very English name it was, in truth. But Englishmen had been driven from their own land by governmental persecution just as Irishmen had been; all who entertained ideas of liberty, whether in the civil or religious domain, were obnoxious to the powers that were. So it came to pass that hosts of English colonists brought with them from their own to American shores an abiding sense of wrong, and a firm determination to resist any encroachments of the home government on their new-found liberties. Therefore, when this English-descended lawyer found the colonists ready to take up arms for freedom's sake, he was, like the Irish-descended lawyer, John Sullivan, one of the first to declare for it. He joined the army of the immortal Washington, and went through all the perils of the revolutionary war.

In doing so, besides risking life and limb, Tudor sacrificed his tenderest feelings for what he was convinced was his duty. He was ardently attached to a young lady whose people were devoted adherents of the British cause. They were engaged to be married when the civil commotion arose. It opposed a barrier to their union, which would not be allowed because forsooth he was a "rebel" to the British Government. He went on fighting against

that Government as if he were wholly indifferent on the subject of the marriage ; but after five years, when success was smiling on the cause of the insurgents, it was conveyed to him that all objections would be withdrawn. There are many men who, under like circumstances, would have exhibited the obstinacy of wounded vanity ; but Mr. Tudor loved his sweetheart for her gracious self, not for her political notions—whether they happened to be what he thought right or wrong—so he gladly espoused her after their long separation.

The spirit of Judge Tudor was communicated to his offspring ; and when, after a generation, the rebellious stream of the Tudor blood was mingled with the fiery, indignant stream of the Stewarts', the mixture was not of a kind very susceptible to impressions favouring the notion that the inhabitants of England are a heaven-ordained governing race.

Admiral Stewart's father had been the master of an American merchant vessel. In less than two years after the birth of his youngest child, Charles, he died. The revolutionary war was still being actively waged, with the natural result of damaging almost every commercial interest in the country. Mrs. Stewart's resources were crippled like those of the mass of her fellow-citizens ; and in these circumstances it was no easy matter for the widow to rear and educate eight children. But this daughter of the Fords, who is said to have been a woman of talent and great energy, accomplished her task single-handed for several years. Eventually she gave her children a stepfather in the person of Captain Britton, who was a member of Congress, an intimate friend of Washington, and the commander of the bodyguard of that most illustrious because most unselfish of successful soldiers. Captain Britton was fond of young Charles Stewart, took him about with him, and on one occasion, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, introduced the boy, when he was about the age of twelve, to Washington himself. The incident made a deep impression on the youngster's mind. Even in his old age he was fond of recalling it, and used to speak with glee of the effect it had on his Philadelphian playfellows. "Not one of them," he would say, "dared knock a chip off my shoulder after that."

Charley was a wild, courageous boy, and cherished from an early age a positive passion for the sea. It would appear as though his naval aspirations were discouraged in the home circle ; for about the age of thirteen he gave his friends the slip, ran away from school, and began his career on the ocean—a career destined to be so glorious—in the very humble capacity of cabin boy on board a merchant vessel. Just two years afterwards he was near losing his life at the hands of a leader of the negro insurgents of Hayti—namely, Christophe, who afterwards became king of the island. Christophe had been a slave and a tavern-cook ; but when the insurrection broke out against the French in San Domingo he joined the insurgents, and partly on account of his enormous stature and great strength, partly

by reason of his reckless daring and abundant energy, soon rose to a position of high command. We append a description of the incident above referred to, taken from an old Life of Stewart :—

“The *Loraine*, owned by Britton and Massey, of Philadelphia, and commanded by Captain Church, came to anchor at St. Domingo in 1793, just at the time of the insurrection. Charles Stewart was on board, still at the lowest round of the sailor’s ladder, for he was only fifteen years old, and had been but two years at sea. One day, Christophe, a leader of the insurrectionists, came alongside in a row-boat, with several of his sable followers. The ‘citizen-general’ was attired in the elegant uniform of a French officer, which illy accorded with his ungainly carriage and bare black feet. Two of the teeth of his lower jaw protruded like the tusks of an animal, and added to the incongruous and grotesque effect. The awkward rowing of the natives, together with the comical appearance of the magnate, were too much for Charley. When Christophe asked him to throw him something by which to ascend the side of the ship, a spirit of deviltry seized the lad, and instead of tossing the rope to the visitor, he shook it in his face, and burst into a laugh.

“In an instant Charley realised the extent of his offence, and, fearing vengeance, ran towards the cabin for protection. The commodore always said, in telling this story, that while on his way to the cabin ‘something told him’ that if he went there it would cost him his life. He at once changed his course, hurried to the place where the cook kept his wood, opened the trap-door, and jumping into the hole, replaced the cover and shoved a stick through the ring, so that the door could not be opened from above. He had not been there many minutes when he heard Christophe and his men searching for him overhead.

“It seems that the blacks finally succeeded in getting on board, the leader blind with rage. He demanded that that ‘white-headed boy’ should be given up to him immediately, and swore that he would have the fellow’s life. Captain Church was not sufficiently provided with arms to prevent violence, and pretended to aid him in his quest, after having failed to convince him that the lad had jumped overboard and swam to a French vessel which was lying not far off. Every portion of the *Loraine* was searched, and the sailors were even compelled to shift a part of the cargo in the hold.

“At last Christophe caught sight of the trap-door, beneath which the boy was lying in a state of fearful suspense. The moment the sailors found that this had been fastened from beneath, they knew that Charley must have made here his hiding-place, and they swore still more stoutly that he had swam to the French vessel. They exerted themselves, however, in fruitless mock efforts to lift the door ; but Christophe, not satisfied, thrust his sword down on every side, the blade just escaping young Stewart, who cuddled himself up into small space in the centre.

“At last the search was given up, and the captain, in order to appease Christophe, made him the magnificent present of a pair of

stockings. These pleased the savage so that he fairly danced with delight; his good humour was still further augmented by the gift of a pair of shoes. The fellow finally got drunk on their liquors, supplied without stint, and in this condition they succeeded in getting rid of a most unwelcome guest.

"A week or two after this adventure—the ship still remaining at San Domingo, as it was found difficult to dispose of the cargo in consequence of the disturbed state of affairs—young Stewart resolved to venture ashore. The captain gave him permission, at the same time warning him of his danger. But Stewart thought that, as Christophe had only seen his white head, he could easily disguise himself so that he would not recognise him. Accordingly he put on a different rig, and pulled his hat over his eyes so as to hide his silver-coloured hair.

"The very first man he met, in sauntering up the street, was Christophe—French uniform, sword, pistols, musket, tusks, and all. We may be sure that the little fellow's heart sank within him, and that his first impulse was to take to his heels. But the boy's characteristic presence of mind and coolness in the face of danger saved his life. Carelessly whistling a tune, he kept on steadily, and in passing Christophe his clothes actually brushed against him. He felt that the savage had his eye fixed upon him suspiciously; and after passing him heard with affright the click caused by the cocking of a musket. The boy still moved on slowly, and apparently with the utmost unconsciousness; but turning the first corner he scampered down a side street as fast as his legs could carry him. The rest of the day he lay hidden in the mountains, returning after dark to shore, and finding means to make his way back to the ship."

But if Charley Stewart at the age of fifteen was still only at the foot of the seaman's ladder, he did not long remain so. Before he was yet twenty he had risen, step by step, through every grade of the merchant service, to the command of an Indiaman—a position almost unparalleled at so early an age. Still Charles Stewart was not content. He wished to devote himself to his country's service; for the French had made certain demands regarding rights of search and of capture of American vessels which the Government could not but withstand, and the two republics were on the verge of war. Therefore Charles Stewart sought and found admission to his country's armed navy, and on the 9th of March 1798, he was duly commissioned a lieutenant of the frigate *United States*, commanded by the gallant Wexford man, Commodore John Barry, whose business it was to put an end to the depredations of French privateers on American commerce in the neighbourhood of the West Indies.

In little more than two years—to wit, on the 16th of July, 1800—the young lieutenant received an independent command in the schooner *Experiment*, fourteen guns. His cruising ground was still in the neighbourhood of the West Indies. He had now the opportunity of distinguishing himself, and he hastened to avail himself of

it. From a sketch of his life we copy the following summary of his brilliant exploits in the Experiment :—

“On the night of the first of September he fell in with, and, after an action of ten minutes, captured the French schooner, *Deux Amis*, of eight guns, which he sent home for condemnation. While watering in Prince Rupert's Bay, in the island of Dominica, two British sloops of twenty guns each arrived, one having an American named Amos Seeley impressed among its crew. Seeley wrote to Stewart imploring his help. He at once opened a characteristic correspondence with the British captain, demanding the release of the American, and in a personal interview with the officer used such logic as to induce him, although with reluctance, to comply. While cruising at daylight, on the 13th of September, two sails were discovered, bearing down on the Experiment, with the English colours flying. The Experiment was laying to with the British signal of the day flying. As they refused to answer his signal, and proved to be a brig of eight guns and a schooner of fourteen, Stewart determined to try the sailing qualities of the vessels. Discovering the Experiment could outsail them, they abandoned the chase, running up the French flag, and firing a gun of defiance to windward. Stewart immediately tacked ship and worked to windward, and gaining the gauge on them in turn became the pursuer. About three o'clock in the evening she ranged up on the larboard quarter of the sternmost one and poured a broadside into her. In a few minutes the schooner struck and surrendered to the Experiment. She proved to be the French schooner *Diana*, on board of which were a lieutenant and a detachment of thirty invalid soldiers, a crew of sixty-five men, and General Rigaud on his way to France. Stewart immediately started after the brig, but she had got safe beyond his reach. After disposing of his prisoners at St. Christopher, Lieutenant Stewart did valuable service in protecting American commerce in those seas.

“On the 16th of November, at midnight, he fell in with an armed vessel, which refused to answer his hail. After repeated efforts to learn the character of the stranger, he sent a shot into her, which was answered by a broadside. A running fight of forty minutes ensued, when the unknown struck. She proved to be a privateer of Bermuda, carrying eight guns. She was much cut up in her rigging, and had two shots through her bottom. Stewart lay by all next day assisting in the repair of her damages.

“The Experiment being ordered home, Lieutenant Stewart on the voyage rescued sixty-seven persons from a reef off Saona island, and carried them to their homes in St. Domingo, the Government of which island wrote a warm letter of thanks to President Jefferson.”

A reduction of the navy was carried out by the Government in 1801, when only thirty-six out of the whole body of lieutenants were retained in the service. Of these thirty-six Charles Stewart was one. He lost his independent command, however, being appointed first officer in the frigate *Constellation* in 1802. When the vessel returned from her cruise, the war with Tripoli was afoot. In times

of strife men like Stewart are properly valued in every navy. This was especially the case in the infant one of the United States. Stewart was at once appointed to the command of a new war-brig, the *Siren*, carrying sixteen guns, and ordered forthwith to join the squadron off the coast of Barbary. Here he was employed blockading Tripoli and the harbours adjacent; in which service he succeeded in capturing a British brig and a Greek vessel. We read that "on the 3rd of August, 1804, the *Siren* led the attack on the town, flotilla, and batteries of Tripoli. For the gallant manner in which Stewart brought his vessel into action and prompt obedience to signals, the commodore the next day in general orders thanked him. For the whole of August and part of September the squadron vigorously bombarded the city and batteries of Tripoli whenever the wind would permit their approach and withdrawal. Upon all such occasions, night or day, they sent their flaming shells or crushing round shots at the foe, sinking several of their flotilla and damaging the batteries and houses." The conclusion of a treaty of peace put an end for the time to Stewart's chances of distinguishing himself further.

So far the incidents of Charles Stewart's naval career were evidences of his gallantry and skill. His next service was one which exhibited in him clear-sightedness, good sense, and highly honourable feeling. He had been promoted to the rank of Master Commandant, put in charge of a thirty-two gun ship, the *Essex*, and despatched with a squadron to Tunis, between which State and the Union there was trouble brewing. The American consul sought refuge on board the fleet, so hostile was popular feeling among the Tunisians. The posture of affairs was so serious, we read, that "a council was convened on board the flag-ship, the situation was explained, and the opinion of the officers demanded whether hostilities ought not to be immediately commenced. Captain Stewart gave it as his opinion that there was no power under the constitution which authorized hostilities and war on others, but that which was lodged exclusively with Congress; that the President could not exercise this power without the action and authority of Congress, much less the commander of an American squadron; that due respect for the laws of nations forbade aggression, and only justified self-defence by vigilance and convoy for the protection of citizens, their property and commerce; but where hostile attempts were made on either, he would be justified in seizing all persons engaged in them, but no farther would his country sanction his acts." His sound reasoning and discretion prevailed, and amicable relations were soon restored; the consul returning to his post, and the Bey of Tunis sending a special Minister to the United States. When President Jefferson received from the consul-general a copy of that opinion as delivered to the council, he expressed to his Cabinet "the high satisfaction he felt at having an officer in the squadron who comprehended the international law, the constitution of his country, and the policy of his Government."

Naturally promotion followed a man who could not only fight and handle a ship, but could think clearly and judiciously for his country's interests and good name as well. A post-captaincy—then the highest rank in the United States navy—was bestowed on him the 22nd of April, 1806; and as there was no need to employ him on active service, his versatile talents were turned to account in another way—namely, in superintending, at New York, for a couple of years, the construction of a flotilla of gunboats.

Several years of peace followed, which Post-Captain Stewart, with the sanction of the authorities, utilised for his own profit in commercial enterprises which added considerably to his means. However, on the breaking out of the war with England in 1812, the first thought of the hero was not for himself or his interests but for his country's. He hastened to Washington to offer his services; but was stunned by receiving, at the navy department, the dismaying intelligence that President Madison's Cabinet, in view of the overwhelming superiority of the British navy, had decided to collect all the Union ships of war in New York harbour, partly to defend the place and partly to save the infant navy from annihilation. Stewart and Captain Brainbridge joined in an effort to convert the Secretary of the Navy from the holding of a tenet so humiliating to the country; and that same evening they addressed a joint letter to President Madison, so spirited, powerful, and convincing "as to cause him to immediately direct the Secretary of the Navy to send the vessels of war to sea to seek their enemy, and he would take the responsibility on himself." So that, before a shot was fired, Stewart had already covered himself with glory by being so deeply instrumental in taking his country out of a position of disgraceful timidity and national humiliation. The result fully proved the wisdom as well as the courage of both Brainbridge and Stewart; for the naval annals of this war of 1812 are among the brightest records of heroic feats of arms and marvellous successes of which Americans can legitimately boast.

The day after the writing of the timely and influential letter just referred to, Stewart received instructions from the Secretary of the Navy to proceed immediately to New York to take command of the *Argus*, with which he was to scour the West Indies and the Gulf Stream, and to attack and capture every British ship he could, whether of war or merchandise. In the Secretary's communication occurs the following sentence, so highly flattering to Stewart: "To your judgment, your valour, and your patriotism is committed the best course to be pursued to accomplish the object of these instructions."

Nevertheless Stewart did not assume command of the *Argus*. A better vessel was put at his disposal. We read: "At a ball given to Captain Stewart and his officers before they proceeded to sea in the *Constellation*, by the citizens of Washington, in December, 1812, about ten o'clock at night, Midshipman Hamilton, the son of the Secretary of the Navy, arrived with the flag of the *Macedonian*

(British) frigate, and despatches from Captain Decatur, announcing his having captured her with the frigate *United States*. The dancing ceased, the flag was unrolled, and the despatch read to the President and the assembled ladies and gentlemen. The wildest scene of glorious confusion followed. A venerable Senator of the *United States* embraced the President; and the Secretary of the Navy, in a spirit of frankness beyond praise, announced to those assembled: 'It is to Captains Brainbridge and Stewart you owe your naval victories.'

The *Constellation* was the vessel in which Charles Stewart set forth against the British; but, notwithstanding her starry appellation, her performances were not brilliant on that cruise. It was her gallant commander's ill fortune to be blockaded in the harbour of Norfolk, Virginia, by a fleet of heavy ships belonging to the enemy, against which it would have been sheer madness to dream of contending. But to be inactive at such a crisis in the fortunes of his land was the idea which of all others he could least entertain. He accordingly got himself transferred to the frigate *Constitution*, in which he set sail from Boston in December, 1813, for the West Indies. In a short time he had met and destroyed several British ships, including the *Picton*, of sixteen guns, a privateer of ten guns, a schooner, and a brig. The *Constitution* had put so hurriedly to sea that after a few months she had to return to get new sails instead of the worn-out ones she carried. On her way she was chased by two of the enemy's frigates, and Captain Stewart, not satisfied that his craft was just then in proper fighting trim, skilfully gave them the slip, and ran her almost under the guns of the fort of Marblehead, about sixteen miles north-east of Boston, where she was in safety. In a few days she was able to make Boston to refit.

It had happened many years previously that in an idle moment Charles Stewart had submitted to the imposition of one of that class of frauds known as "fortune-tellers," by whom he had been informed that it was his fate to marry "the belle of Boston." By one of those singular concidences which sometimes happen, the prediction was literally verified. While waiting for his ship to be got ready he fell in love with and espoused Miss Delia Tudor, daughter of the Judge Tudor before mentioned, and who was pre-eminently "the belle" of the city. Short time was allowed afterwards for nuptial bliss. The *Constitution* was ready for another cruise, and the bridegroom could no longer tarry with his bride. As he parted from her he asked her what present she would like him to bring for her on his return. "Bring me a British frigate," was her patriotic answer. "You shall have two," he replied, his eyes kindling with love and pride; "and I shall wear my wedding uniform in battle."

It was in the December of 1814 that he again put to sea, as little regardful of the Winter's wild storms as of the enemy's countless ships. Two of the latter were soon in his hands. One he destroyed; the other, which had on board a valuable cargo, he sent to New York.

By February, 1815, he was off the coast of Spain. There was some repining among the subordinate officers of the Constitution at the ill luck of the vessel in not having had a brush with the enemy off the European coast. Charles Stewart overheard them grumble. Perhaps he had a presentiment of what was about to come; perhaps—and this is more likely—he was actually in search, from information he had picked up, of certain British war-ships in his neighbourhood. Whatever his inspiration, it is certain that he bade the officers to keep up their spirits, for the chance of distinguishing themselves for which they sighed was close at hand. “I assure you, gentlemen,” he concluded, “that before another sun sets you will be engaged in battle with the enemy, and it will not be with a single ship.” This was said on the morning of the 19th of February.

About half-past one o'clock on the same day a sail some twelve miles away was descried by the look-out on the masthead of the Constitution. Chase was given until four o'clock, by which time the distance between the vessels was lessened by one-half, when unfortunately, under the power of a freshening breeze, the main-royal mast of the Constitution was carried away. Nothing could well be more vexatious to men “spoiling for a fight” as were those on board, since the accident in the short February evening gave the chase an excellent chance of slipping away. However, the gallant captain wasted no time in fretting over the mishap; but got to work at once in repairing the damage, and with such celerity that in half an hour a new spar had been put up, the royal sail again set, and the Constitution was forging ahead at her utmost speed. Just at this time another ship of war was reported by the look-out, and evidently exchanging signals with the chase. Captain Stewart understood the signals, and from them divined that the vessels were British men-of-war and consorts. What followed is so well described in the Life of Stewart from which we have before quoted that we shall make use of the description here:—

“One of the vessels being painted with double yellow streaks and false ports in the waist, had at a distance the appearance of a double-decked ship, and Lieutenant Ballard told Captain Stewart that she must be at least a fifty-gun ship. He replied that she looked too small to be a ship of that class, but might be an old forty-four on two decks. ‘However,’ he added, ‘be this as it may, you know I promised you a fight before the setting of to-morrow’s sun, and if we do not take it now that it is offered, we can scarcely have another chance. We must flog them when we catch them, whether she has one gun-deck or two!’

“At five o'clock the leeward ship bore up before the wind, under easy sail, to enable the chased ship to join her. The Constitution having gained considerably on the chase, with a hope of crippling her, or bringing her to action before she could join her consort, fired a shot at her which fell short. The chase continued until the two ships joined, and a little before seven o'clock, the moon shining

brightly, the British ships hauled to the wind in a line ahead of each other, about two hundred yards apart. Reducing to fighting sail, and heaving to with the maintop sails to the masts, they awaited the American's coming up. The Constitution was on the starboard quarter of the sternmost vessel, about one mile distant. Furling in all except the topsails, jib, and topgallant sails, reduced to fighting trim, she gradually luffed to starboard, and ranged along the windward side of the sternmost ship until she reached the desired position, which was at the apex of the equilateral triangle, the British ships forming the base line. Stewart heaving the Constitution to, with the mainsails to the mast and the jib in brails, he fired a shot, not at either, but between both, with a view to invite the action and draw their fire. His motive for this was to make the British commit the first act of hostility, he having boarded a Russian ship three days before, direct from London, and received from her captain a copy of the *London Times*, containing the heads of the treaty of Ghent, as signed by the Ministers of the United States and Great Britain, and said to have been ratified by the Prince Regent. Supposing the British ships might have later information than himself, he wished to give them a chance to decline battle if peace had been made between the two countries."

Here we may interrupt the narrative for a moment to note how scrupulously Captain Stewart respected the rules and regulations of naval warfare, or, as it would be phrased in the London Parliament, kept himself "in order." But to continue:—

"The Cyane (Captain Gordon Falcon) and the Levant (Captain Hon. George Douglas) answered with broadsides and musketry, and the Constitution opened with a division on the gun deck and another on the forecastle on the Levant, and two divisions on the gun deck and another on the quarter deck on the Cyane. The Constitution maintained the same position throughout the fight, as a nearer approach would have thrown one of the ships out of the line of her fire, and exposed her to being raked. Thus the battle was continued for about forty minutes, when the Levant wore off before the wind and retired from the fight. Her consort the Cyane immediately after wore short round, and hauling close to the wind, poured in her broadside with her colours struck and hanging over the taffrail, as the Constitution was in the act of wearing around after her. Not the slightest injury was done by this fire. Stewart, though feeling incensed, did not return it, determining to hold the officer in command responsible. The matter was afterwards explained as occurring in mistake. The Cyane was immediately taken possession of, and her officers sent on board the Constitution, which filled away to leeward after the Levant, followed by the prize with the American ensign flying. The Levant, finding it impossible to escape, wore ship, and ranged under larboard tack along the starboard battery of the Constitution in close and gallant style, and delivered her fire. The Constitution poured into her a broadside, and wearing short around, plunged into her stern three chase shots, which arrested her

escape and brought down her colours. She was immediately boarded and her officers sent to Stewart's ship.

"The principal injury received by the Constitution was in her rigging; that of the enemy's ships in their hulls. The Americans had three killed and twelve wounded, three of the latter mortally. The Cyane lost twelve killed and twenty-six wounded; the Levant twenty-three killed and sixteen wounded—total British casualties, seventy-seven. The Constitution mounted fifty-one guns, twenty-four of which were thirty-two pounders; the Cyane thirty-two guns, of which twenty-two were thirty-two pounders; and the Levant twenty-one guns, eighteen of which were thirty-two pounders. The odds against the Constitution is most clearly shown in the calibre of the guns, the British carrying sixteen more thirty-two pounders."

In his History of the American Navy, J. Fennimore Cooper, commenting on this splendid naval victory, says :—

"The manner in which Captain Stewart handled his ship on this occasion excited much admiration among nautical men; it being unusual for a single vessel to engage two enemies and escape being raked. So far from this occurring to the Constitution, however, she actually raked both her opponents; and the manner in which she backed and filled in the smoke, forcing her two antagonists down to leeward when they were endeavouring to cross her stern or forefoot, is surely the most brilliant manœuvring in naval annals."

A couple of anecdotes relating to this sea-fight can hardly fail to be interesting here.

While the victor was sitting in his cabin, talking with one of his prisoners, a British captain, there entered a midshipman of the Constitution to inquire if the crew might have their usual allowance of grog. Now the ordinary time of serving out grog had passed before the action began; so Captain Stewart, in surprise, asked if the men had not been supplied already. "No, sir," replied the midshipman; "it was mixed ready for serving just before the battle began, but the forecastle men and other old sailors of the crew said they didn't want any Dutch courage on board, and capsized the grog-tub in the lee-scuppers." That is precisely the sort of spirit which at least deserves success, and which generally succeeds in attaining it.

The two British captains were foolish enough to dispute in Stewart's presence concerning the conduct of the battle, and to blame each other for not having done this, that, or the other which must infallibly have brought about a different result to the action. Such paltry endeavours to shift blame from each to the other were eminently distasteful to a truly brave man, as Stewart was; and at length he felt bound to interfere. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is no use in getting warm about it; it would have been all the same whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again, and you can try it over." Englishmen would say that the remark was only a specimen of "Yankee bumptiousness;" impartial critics may see in it merely the confidence of a man who knew why and how he had won, and who felt himself able to do

again what he had already done. At all events the British captains did not jump at his offer, but preferred to remain snug and safe as prisoners of war on board the Constitution.

On the 10th of March the Constitution and her two splendid prizes arrived at Port Praya in the island of Santiago, the largest of the Cape de Verde group. Next day the British captains were allowed on shore, on parole, to make arrangements for the transport of their crews to Barbadoes. They secured two brigs in the harbour. While the Constitution's boats were carrying provisions, &c., to the brigs, a heavy British squadron under Sir George Collier was discovered approaching in the thick fog, within three miles of the position of Stewart's ship and her prizes. It was the well known policy of the British ships of war to attack their enemy's cruisers in neutral waters if it could be done without danger. They preferred reimbursing any claims made upon such neutral by an enemy than to allow that enemy's vessel to escape and commit depredations upon their commercial marine. Stewart was well aware of this; he appreciated accurately the utterly unscrupulous character of the British; and he instantly recognised the danger of his position. Beating to quarters, making all sail, and cutting cable, he got under way, and stretched out of the harbour, followed by the two prizes. The British fleet hurried immediately in pursuit, the Acasta, of fifty guns, gradually crawling up to the prize Cyane. Stewart signalled the latter to tack and separate from him, which she did, and doubled their rear, and arrived safe in New York. The fleet held steadily in pursuit of the Constitution; the Newcastle, sixty-four guns (Captain Lord George Stewart), coming well up. Fortunately, however, she opened fire by divisions, which had the effect of retarding her sailing much. Stewart apprehended most from the position and weatherly qualities of the Acasta, which he saw would soon obtain a position to hold the Constitution in check until her more powerful consort could come up. Fighting was out of the question, as his crew was short by reason of having to subtract from it the crews which took possession of the prizes; while the crews of the prizes themselves were of necessity much too weak to handle those vessels in an encounter with a powerful squadron. Nothing was left to Commander Stewart, therefore, than to trust to his skill in manœuvring to get away unscathed. He consequently signalled the Levant to tack, and lighted his shot-furnace, in the hope of putting a few red-hot balls into the enemy's hull and setting her on fire, so forcing her consorts to go to her relief.

Immediately after the Levant tacked, a signal was thrown out from the Leander, the sixty-four gun ship of Sir George Collier, who commanded the squadron, for the Acasta to tack after the Levant, and the Leander and the Newcastle tacking at the same time to cut off her retreat by their rear, thus compelled the Levant to return to Port Praya, where she anchored under the guns of the forts, in neutral waters, in which, according to international law, she should have been perfectly safe from attack. The British fleet, however,

followed her and entered the harbour, taking her thence by force with them to the West Indies, together with the boats of the Constitution and her anchors, and those of the Cyane and Levant, left in the neutral waters of the harbour. Not the slightest attempt was made by the forts to preserve the neutrality of the waters inviolate. The Portuguese, being weak, were afraid to stand up for their rights; and the British, who have a great respect for the strong, and none whatever for the weak, trampled without scruple, after their wont, on the undoubted rights of the Portuguese, simply because they were weak.

Stewart, however, contrived to elude them, and in the Constitution proceeded to Brazil, landed his prisoners, and returned to Boston. The news of his remarkable victory was received with enthusiasm throughout the country. In Boston he and his officers were honoured with a triumphal procession. In New York the council voted him the freedom of the city, gave him a gold snuff-box, and him and his officers a public dinner. Pennsylvania voted him the thanks of the commonwealth and a gold-hilted sword. Congress passed a vote of thanks to him and his brave officers, caused a gold medal to be struck in his honour, and presented it to him in commemoration of the event.

The remainder of Admiral Stewart's career we condense from an excellent sketch of his life which appeared in the *Bordenstown Register*, and to which we have been already indebted.

The war having terminated with Great Britain, Captain Stewart never again met the enemy in battle. Yet his active career of usefulness in the service of his country was not ended. In the Mediterranean squadron, commanded by Commodore Chauncey, a widespread spirit of mutiny had manifested itself. So far had it gone that the malcontent officers had actually "threatened to draw their swords on their commanders." Commodore Stewart was in 1817 sent in ship-of-the-line Franklin to supersede Chauncey and restore the proper discipline. In 1819 he ordered a courtmartial to meet on board the Guerriere, to try a marine for an alleged offence. The officers, however, preferred to sit at a hotel in Naples, where the man was tried and convicted. The commodore, knowing that the session of the court at any place than that directed by orders was illegal, disapproved the proceedings, released the prisoner, and informed the court of his action. The court passed a series of resolutions, which act was instantly followed by the arrest of every commanding officer of the vessels of the squadron. This summary proceeding at once restored a healthy state of feeling throughout the squadron. The President and Cabinet approved of Stewart's proceeding, but as the officers expressed regret at their conduct, the matter was dropped.

While the squadron lay [at Naples the Emperor of Austria and suite visited the Franklin. The grand master of the empress, arrayed in a magnificently brilliant uniform, being somewhat near-sighted, mistook a wind sail for a mast, and fell from the deck to

the cock-pit, breaking his ankle. The commodore, who was engaged in conversation at the time, not seeing what had happened, asked what the matter was. The old quartermaster of the watch, whose duty it was to see everything, far and near, replied coolly, "Oh, nothing, sir; only one of them bloody kings has fallen down the hatch!"

In 1821 Commodore Stewart was sent in the Franklin to the Pacific. The Spanish-American provinces were struggling for independence. Spain was a friendly Power to whom the United States owed justice and a strict neutrality. The "Patriots" possessed all American sympathies. The Pacific was swarming with buccaneers claiming the protection of Spain, who were depredating on American commerce, and the "Patriots" had declared a paper blockade of hundreds of miles of coast. Stewart owed but one duty, and that was to his country. He promptly put an end both to the nominal blockade and to the protected piracy.

On his return home he was confronted by a long series of charges, some of trifling, some of serious import, regarding his demeanour while in the Pacific. The Navy Department thought best that these accusations should be submitted to a court-martial. The court honourably acquitted the commodore, and stated they felt compelled "by a sense of duty to go farther, and to make unhesitatingly this declaration to the world—that, so far from having violated the high duties of neutrality and respect for the laws of nations; so far from having sacrificed the honour of the American flag, or tarnished his own fair fame, by acting upon any motive of a mercenary or sordid kind; so far from having neglected his duty, or betrayed the trust reposed in him by refusing proper protection to American citizens and property, or rendering such protection subservient to individual interests, no one circumstance has been developed throughout the whole course of this minute investigation into the various occurrences of a three years' cruise, calculated to impair the confidence which the members of this court, the navy, and the nation have long reposed in the honour, the talents, and the patriotism of this distinguished officer, or to weaken in any manner the opinion which all who know him entertain of his humanity and disinterestedness. These virtues only glow with brighter lustre from this ordeal of trial, like the stars he triumphantly displayed when valour and skill achieved a new victory to adorn the annals of our naval glory."

Upon the commodore's return from Washington, where his trial took place, to his native city Philadelphia, his friends greeted him with a public dinner.

Many years later on, his popularity continued so great that an effort was made to "run" him for the Presidency. In the course of four months no less than sixty-seven papers declared for him. But the project did not receive his sanction; he gave it no countenance; he would not even discuss it; he was "unusually nervous and fidgety" during the agitation of the subject; and at length its promoters were impelled to give it up. He regained his usual equani-

mity only when his name ceased to be bandied about by the political press.

Commodore Stewart while on shore was constantly employed upon naval boards and commissions, court-martials, &c., and for many years was in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, from which latter position he was relieved at his own request in 1861. He was long the confidential and trusted adviser of the Navy Department and the naval committees of Congress. In 1855 Congress created a retiring board, and Stewart was among its illustrious victims. A few years afterwards a special Act of Congress was passed, conferring upon him the title of "Senior Flag Officer" on the active list. He refused to receive the commission, claiming that he already held that rank. His commission as Rear-Admiral, the first sent out under the new law, bears date July 16th, 1862.

Admiral Stewart was in his eighty-third year when the insurgents of the South fired upon Fort Sumpter. It roused the blood of the old man's heart to hear of this insult to his nation's flag. At once he wrote to the department imploring to be put on active service. "I am young as ever," he pleaded, "to fight for my country." It was hard to deny the old hero the opportunity to draw once more his sword in defence of the flag and Government he loved so well, but younger men were required for the steamship service, to which he was a stranger.

He lived on for nine years more, towards the last suffering fearfully from a deadly disease. In his Life we find this passage:—

"We know how he suffered, and how gradually, yet surely, he was failing. And yet we heard how near the invalid came to blowing himself up in some strange chemical experiment, and what fun he made of the danger. To the last he was cheerful and hopeful—busied with affairs, dictating letters, cracking jokes, expecting soon to be well again. Then he could not leave his bed—was unable to speak without agony—wrote on a slate 'I want'——. They could not read what it was he wanted, his hand trembled so. Perhaps it was the cup of cold water they pressed to his parched lips. Thus, surrounded by those who loved him, the brave spirit passed peacefully away."

"His death took place on the afternoon of November 6th, 1869, he being in the ninety-second year of his age. The council of Bordentown passed appropriate resolutions, the bells tolled their requiem, business was suspended, and the citizens paid their reverence. A government steamer was despatched from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to convey his body to that city. It grounded, and the remains, accompanied by the mayor, council, and distinguished citizens, were conveyed by rail. With the naval escort, the stars shining brightly, they proceeded to Independence Hall, where silently they laid him down, while the old bell tolled forth its solemn notes. The next day, after thousands of citizens had paid their humble reverence, amidst the booming of guns, the muffled notes of bells, and the funeral strains of music, in the presence of

the distinguished men of the nation and of the city, and thousands of veterans of the late war for the Union, the old hero's body was given back to mother earth."

His personal appearance, manner, and mental characteristics are described as follows :—

"Commodore Stewart was about five feet nine inches high, and of a dignified and engaging presence. His complexion was fair, his hair chestnut, eyes blue, large, penetrating, and intelligent. The cast of his countenance was Roman, bold, strong, and commanding, and his head finely formed. His control over his passions was truly surprising, and under the most irritating circumstance his oldest seaman never saw a ray of anger flash from his eye. His kindness, benevolence, and humanity were proverbial, but his sense of justice and the requisitions of duty were as unbending as fate. In the moment of greatest stress and danger he was as cool, and quick in judgment, as he was utterly ignorant of fear. His mind was acute and powerful, grasping the greatest or smallest subjects with the intuitive mastery of genius. He was a thorough seaman, and not only fully understood his profession as a naval commander, but all the various interests of commerce, the foreign policy of his country, the principles of government and the law of nations. His numerous official letters and reports, his correspondence and public writings, embracing as they did a wide range of subjects, showed great accuracy of information."

Characteristic of the man are the following anecdote and incident :

The Franklin, while under his command, was lying one night at anchor in Gibraltar Bay, when a sudden blow came up from the eastward, causing her to drag her anchors and go adrift. A midshipman aroused the commander with the startling news. "How's the wind?" said Stewart. "From the east," was the reply; "she has dragged down hill, and is drifting towards Algeria." "Well," was the quiet rejoinder, "the anchors will take when she drifts over there, as it will be up hill on the other side."

"I never lost but one tooth in my life," he said to a friend; "it ached, and I pulled it out with a bullet mould, aboard ship, in a gale of wind."

"As a story-teller Stewart was inimitable; he was famous, moreover, for repartee, and an ever ready wit. His manners were always polite, even distinguished; he dispensed a liberal hospitality, and at the head of his table he was unsurpassed. Throughout he preserved a native dignity, and parried with ease every familiarity, as well as the many inconvenient demands which men in his position are constantly subject to."

On a high bluff of the Delaware, south of Black's Creek, in the environs of Bordentown, is the old country seat of Admiral Stewart, called by him Montpelier, but now generally known as Ironsides. A former proprietor caused to be erected the present large mansion house. The admiral purchased it in 1816, added another storey,

tastefully laid out the grounds, and planted many white pines, whose tops now reach the height of a hundred feet.

Admiral Stewart left two children, Delia Tudor and Charles Tudor Stewart. Charles graduated at college, became a civil engineer, and assisted in laying out railroads. At twenty-seven years of age he performed so well some delicate work in investigating the affairs of a New Orleans firm engaged in supplying timber for foreign navies that he was taken into partnership, and entrusted with the entire management of the business in Europe. Being well acquainted with Prince Murat, whom he had often befriended during his exile and poverty in Bordentown, the prince presented him to his cousin the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and the chiefs of the Naval Department of France, from whom he obtained heavy contracts for timber. In comparatively a few years he amassed a large fortune. After travelling much through Europe he went to New Orleans, where he studied law and became quite noted in his new profession. He died several years ago, leaving his estate to his sister Delia, who, as has been previously stated, had become the wife of John Henry Parnell.

John Henry and Delia Parnell had five sons and six daughters. Five of the latter and three of the former are still living—namely, John Howard, Charles Stewart, Henry Tudor, the Misses Fanny, Anna, and Theodosia, and two married sisters—Mrs. Thompson, who resides in Paris with her husband; and Mrs. Dickenson, who generally lives in her native land. On the death of their father, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, he left behind him three estates in Ireland. Charles Stewart Parnell was his fourth son.

Charles's elder brother, John Howard Parnell, inherited a considerable property in the county Armagh, on which he usually resides. He also owns an extensive farm in the State of Alabama. At the general election of 1874 he stood as a Home Rule candidate for the representation of county Wicklow, but was defeated. The remaining and youngest brother, Henry Tudor Parnell, was educated to the bar, and is the owner of landed property in the county Kilkenny. He mostly lives in England. The three unmarried sisters of Mr. C. S. Parnell, as is now pretty generally known, share his Irish sympathies, are proud of the honest manly part he has taken in Irish politics, and are ever ready to defend it and him against all slanderous assailants. They were the first to start subscriptions in America for the Irish people threatened with famine, early in the last quarter of 1879.

Mrs. Delia Parnell, the daughter of Admiral Stewart, brought to her Irish home of Avondale a strong American love of independence, and a hearty hate of British greed and desire for domination. She became in thought and feeling an Irish Nationalist; and from her mainly is derived the warm popular sympathies which glow in the breasts of four of her children. During her residence in Ireland she used the means at her disposal most liberally in alleviating the perennial miseries of the poor around her. At the time of the Fenian troubles she exerted herself in effecting the escape of some who

were badly "wanted" by the authorities—a circumstance which procured for her house in Upper Temple-street, Dublin, the distinction of a visit from and search by the police. In the end she retired to the home of her youth, Bordentown, New Jersey, with her unmarried daughters; at which place she spends most of the year, but winters at New York. As the heir of her father and brother, as well as through the resources left her by her husband, she is mistress of an ample income.

Charles Stewart Parnell was born in the month of June, 1846, at Avondale, Rathdrum, the mansion now in his own possession.

As a child, his mother says, he showed an uncommon love of study; devoting far more time to his books than to the ordinary sports of childhood. His memory was admirable, and he was by no means deficient in wit and sprightliness. As a boy of ten he amused his fellow-passengers in a coach on a country road by comparing the population and military strength of the various countries in Europe, with a view to determining their respective chances in the event of a general war. At this time, however, his mind ran less in the direction of politics than toward mechanical science, and he amused his friends and taxed his own mind not a little in the effort to solve the problem of a perpetual motion machine. Again, when he wanted some bullets and had no mould in which to form them, he conceived the idea of making them as shot is made—by dropping hot lead from a high tower. The family knew nothing of his design till they were startled by the butler's cry—"Come down there, you young rascal! What are you trying to do?" and the next moment that worthy man rushed up the winding staircase to the roof in time to save the ingenious lad from breaking his neck by a fall of fifty feet to the ground below, where, on the well-worn stones, lay a cake of flattened lead.

Another anecdote of the politician would cause a moment's wonder that he has not become a military rather than a civil leader of men. The nursery at home was well garrisoned with Lilliputian soldiers, of whom Charles commanded one well organised division, while his sister directed the movements of another and opposing force. These never came into actual conflict, but faced one another impassively, while their respective commanders peppered with popguns at the enemy's lines. For several days the war continued without apparent advantage being gained by either side. One morning, however, heavy cannonading was heard in the furthest corner of the room (produced by rolling a spiked ball across the floor). Pickets were called in, and in three minutes from the firing of the first shot there was a general engagement all along the line. Strange as it may seem, Miss Parnell's soldiers fell by the score and hundred, while those commanded by her brother refused to waver even when palpably hit. This went on for some time, until, as she obstinately refused to surrender, the young lady's host was completely routed and victory perched upon the standards of her foe. It was learned, from his own confession an hour after this Waterloo, that Charles had, before the battle began, glued his soldiers' feet securely to the table.

Following the un-Irish fashion of his caste—that of the upper classes—John Henry Parnell determined to give his son an English education. He seems to have been of opinion also that the process of Anglicising could not be too soon begun on the child; for at the age of six little Charles was carried over to and left at a private school near the picturesque little town of Yeovil in Somersetshire. There he remained for about three years. A violent attack of typhoid fever seized him at the Yeovil school, where he lay for weeks at the point of death. His constitution never afterwards quite rallied from the effects of that dreadful prostration; and for years he was considered absolutely a delicate boy. How he has borne up under the accumulated fatigues, exertions, and travels undergone during his active political career seems, when read in the light of the fact last mentioned, but little short of the miraculous.

A couple of years spent amid the bracing airs of the Wicklow hills restored him sufficiently to admit of his being again sent to school. The place selected was again in England—namely, at a spot called Kirk-Langley, near the town of Derby. Here he grew apace, springing up into a tall and slender young lad. As the time drew nigh when it was meant that he should enter a university he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Whishaw, then residing at Chipping-Norton, not far from the city of Oxford. This reverend gentleman afterwards became chaplain to the School for the Blind at Liverpool, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most celebrated pulpit orators of that great enporium.

John Henry Parnell had entered the university of Cambridge himself; and the same university he selected for his son Charles, who matriculated there at the age of eighteen. It was the father's wish that his son should go to the bar; but the son had no liking for the lawyer's life or work, and resolutely opposed the parental choice of a destiny for him. He carried his point, almost as a matter of course.

He remained but two years at the university, and so did not graduate. Following in his father's footsteps, he went abroad to see the world, and travelled in the United States during the years 1872 and 1873.

As a youth, Charles Stewart Parnell showed no particular interest in the affairs of Ireland—how could he with such a denationalising course of training as was inflicted on him?—and when he discussed Irish politics with his sisters he frequently took the Conservative side, to annoy them in a harmless way. This humour sometimes worried his mother, who, as she declares, has an American horror of Toryism. Like his father, John Henry Parnell, Charles was a skilful cricketer, and when at home always took part in the game, which is much played in Wicklow. In those days he was something of a wag, and would keep the table in a roar.

But in the November of 1867 an incident had occurred in Manchester which fastened itself on his memory—the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. As he had entered on manhood, and learned

to think seriously of men and events, he dwelt on "the Manchester three" and their cruel fate, and thought of the brief, pregnant prayer which came from their lips as they hovered on the dizzy verge of eternity—the immortal "God save Ireland!" At length he resolved to do what in him lay for her safety. He consulted with his uncle Charles Stewart, then living in Paris, and his resolve received the approval of the brave old admiral's son. Next he laid his intention before his mother; and we need hardly observe that Mrs. Delia Parnell was not the one to offer him opposition in such a cause. Finally he took the step of joining the Home Rule League—a decisive one in many ways for him, but especially because it cut him off as a political heretic from several near relatives with whom he would naturally have wished to live in the closest unity, political as well as social.

Having thus thrown in his lot with the people and their supreme cause—the cause of self-government—he was eager to work and make sacrifices in their behalf. The opportunity soon came. Immediately after the general election of 1874, Colonel Taylor, one of the members for Dublin County, having accepted a post in the Government, it was needful that he should seek re-election. The country was then full of spirit and hope, and it was determined that he should not have his seat without a fight for it. But a candidate was wanted who would be willing to spend money freely on the election, for the general good of the cause, and in the full knowledge that for the expenditure he must not expect a seat in the House of Commons.

Charles Stewart Parnell was at hand. He was asked if he would be the man in the gap on this occasion, and he willingly consented to take up the uninviting position of a candidate foredoomed to defeat.

Though the contest for Dublin county was from the first a hopeless one on the Home Rule side, it was nevertheless deemed judicious to hold a public meeting in Dublin in support of Mr. Parnell's candidature. If such a meeting could attain no other useful purpose it would at least introduce the young and unknown politician to the people he was so eager to serve. Accordingly, the council of the Home Rule League convened a meeting in the Rotundo for the afternoon of the 9th of March, 1874. On the occasion the room was filled, early as was the hour; the platform was thronged with an influential and representative assemblage, including many members of Parliament.

As at this meeting Mr. Parnell made his first appearance before the public, it is worthy of some notice in this narrative. Among the M.P.'s present the most prominent were Honest John Martin; Isaac Butt, then in reality as well as in name the trusted leader of the Irish people; A. M. Sullivan, Mitchell Henry, and Richard O'Shaughnessy. It was pretty generally known by then that Charles Stewart Parnell was a scion of the family which had produced Sir John, the stout and self-sacrificing foe of the Union, and Sir Henry, the life-long advocate of Catholic equality; so there was great en-

thusiasm among those assembled on that day in the Rotundo in favour of the relative of those two worthies who had come forward to identify himself with the people and their cause. The popular instinct, which is so seldom wrong in public affairs, had seized on the fact that the young man was the inheritor of great reputations and unsullied memories, and inferred from it that he would follow in the footsteps of his honoured predecessors, and that, in whatever else he might fail, he might be relied on for honesty of purpose. This was the reason why the room was thronged at an hour when men in the city are usually minding their private business, as well as why so deep an interest was taken in the object of the meeting.

To Mr. A. M. Sullivan was committed the duty of proposing the first resolution, which warmly approved of the candidature of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. The speaker had uttered but a few sentences when there occurred one of those striking coincidences, dramatic in their effect, which dwell for ever in the memory of beholders. Mr. Sullivan was expressing the delight that should be felt and the hope that should be inspired by seeing the bearers of historic names like that of Parnell coming back into the ranks of the people ; when, just as the sentence was finished, a tall, slender young man came through the doorway, and, looking neither to the right nor the left, began quietly making his way through the crowd towards the platform. Of those in the room probably not a score had ever seen him before, nor even heard his personal appearance described ; yet, by some subtle process of intuition characteristic of the Irish mind, it at once became known among the mass of the large gathering that the new arrival, so unostentatiously moving up the room, was the very bearer of a historic name to whom Mr. Sullivan had just referred. It was like the work of magic in its wondrous suddenness. Every eye was fixed on the young man ; people stood on tiptoe and craned their necks to get a view of him ; while cheer after cheer resounded through the spacious hall, loud and long-sustained, and threatening, if not to raise the roof off the place, at least to split the ears of all in the assembly. Such a scene of enthusiastic but not disorderly animation is but rarely witnessed. Eyes brightened, faces beamed, hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air, voices were making themselves hoarse ; yet all the while the object of the demonstration, with bent head and downcast eyes, quietly pursued his way, as if unconscious of the honour paid him—or, if conscious, as though he felt it unfitting to receive popular rewards before he had done enough to deserve them. Yet it was plain that his feelings were deeply moved by his reception ; for when he stepped on to the platform he was pale, and indeed exhibited the appearance of agitation. When, after the last burst of cheering, Mr. Sullivan, resuming his interrupted speech, confirmed the instinct of the audience by saying that literally as well as figuratively his friend Mr. Parnell had come among them, there was another enthusiastic outburst, prolonged and deafening ; and before it was over some of the thoughtful present were asking themselves if a

great public career lay not before this modest-looking youthful politician, whose very presence, unheralded, unannounced, could take captive public confidence in a manner so remarkable. As for the mass, they waited with impatience for the speech they expected him to deliver.

The time came for him to speak, and he rose to his feet to make his first public deliverance, amid a tempest of cheers. All present saw that he was labouring under strong emotion, for his colour came and went, and his breast heaved perceptibly. We can fancy the thoughts which stirred the fountains of feeling within him to their veriest depths. He had resolved to devote himself to his people, to work for them with all his might; and here, at the very outset of his career—before, as it were, he had yet actually put his hand to the plough—was he receiving an earnest of the gratitude which the Irish people are ever ready to lavish on all who have even tried honestly to serve them. No doubt he knew that the good deeds of Sir John and Sir Henry Parnell had paved the way for him to the core of the people's hearts; and no doubt also he inly resolved at that moment that he would leave behind him at least the repute of being as much "a man of integrity" as any one of his forefathers. At all events, whatever his thoughts may have been, he was considerably unnerved; for when he began to speak it was in broken sentences, and in a voice that faltered with excess of feeling.

It was a scene to be long remembered. There, on the front of the platform, by the chairman's table, he stood, tall, slender, pale, lofty of forehead, his lips unquivering, his chin firm and resolute-looking, his bosom labouring, his brown eyes flashing over the throng, his back well set up, and indeed with a carriage that suggested a military training. And while in the excitement of that moment—an excitement the exact like of which he could never again know—his tongue grew unwilling to express his thoughts, and forced him to hesitate and to pause, a painfully intent silence fell on the anxious audience. In the chair was O'Gorman Mahon, sitting with soldierly erectness in spite of his advanced years, and with a piercing gaze fixed on the faltering novice. From the right of the platform kindly as well as "honest" John Martin surveyed the young Protestant patriot, with a benignant smile illuminating his grave, sweet countenance; the homely, genial face of Isaac Butt beamed with overflowing good-nature; the blue eyes of Alexander Sullivan glowed in eager sympathy, while his whole air indicated to observers an intense desire to spring to the aid of the speaker and to invest him with his own power of apt and fluent expression; Mitchell Henry, too, from the left of the platform, exhibited an unmistakably kindly interest in the young speaker, whose native modesty and excited feelings combined to impair his delivery of the thoughts surging in his brain. Indeed every eye was riveted on him, both from the platform and from the floor of the hall; and though a great many were criticising unfavourably his first effort as a public speaker, it must be admitted that there was something in his appearance

which impressed everyone favourably, for everyone undoubtedly cheered him without stint.

When the meeting broke up there was a good deal of discussion among groups of the assemblage concerning the chances of the candidate's success in public life. The verdict of many, who had noted only his faltering utterance and his broken sentences, was, "That young man will be a failure. He can't speak." But the shrewder, who had noted the firm set-up of his back and the resolute rigidity of mouth and chin, more sagely observed, "There is *something* in that young man. It will come out in time. Wait and see." Which section was right all know now.

The Dublin county election at which Mr. Parnell was a candidate is hardly worth referring to further now than to say that, as was expected, he was beaten. It is very well known that the Tories of that county look carefully after the Parliamentary register, year by year; while, on the other hand, hundreds on hundreds of men possessing popular sympathies, and having the needful electoral qualifications, are too apathetic to take the trouble to attend at revision sessions to secure their undoubted right to vote. It must suffice to say that when the polling day had come and gone, and the votes cast had been counted, it was found that Colonel Taylor had received 2,122; that Mr. Parnell's tally was only 1,141; and consequently that the former had been returned by a majority of 981.

One feature of this contested election must still retain a strong interest for every reader. We allude to Mr. Parnell's candidatorial address to the constituency. Few people have ever dreamt of referring to it since his defeat; and yet it cannot but be important to know on what publicly announced principles he began his political career. They furnish a safe test both of his honesty in adopting them and his consistency in adhering to them. We have pleasure therefore in reproducing the main portions of this address, which we are confident our readers will welcome with equal pleasure:—

"Upon the great question of Home Rule I will by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament, upon the basis of the resolutions passed at the National Conference last November, and the principles of the Home Rule League, of which I am a member.

"If elected to Parliament I will give my cordial adherence to the resolutions adopted at the recent conference of Irish members, and will act independently alike of all English parties.

"I will earnestly endeavour to obtain for Ireland a system of education in all its branches—university, intermediate, and primary—which will deal impartially with all religious denominations, by affording to every parent the opportunity of obtaining for his child an education combined with that religious teaching of which his conscience approves.

"I believe security for his tenure and the fruits of his industry to be equally necessary to do justice to the tenant and to promote the prosperity of the whole community. I will therefore support such

an extension of the ancient and historic tenant-right of Ulster, in all its integrity, to the other parts of Ireland, as will secure to the tenant continuous occupation at fair rents."

In addition he promised to work for "a complete and unconditional amnesty;" and, after a graceful reference to the efforts made by his relatives Sir John and Sir Henry for the good of the Irish people, he concluded:

"If you elect me I will endeavour, and think I can promise, that no act of mine will ever discredit the name which has been associated with these recollections."

No need to ask now whether any act of his has since discredited that name. Has he fulfilled both in letter and spirit those early pledges given when a young untried man? Has he sought the restoration of our domestic Parliament "by all means"? Has he acted "independently alike of all English parties"? Has he been idle in reference to the land question? Was he "behind the door" in regard to the amnesty? Has he neglected the cause of religious equality in education? Most of our readers remember enough of the political life of the last five years to give to all of these questions such answers as could not fail to be complimentary to Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. Yet in the crush and hurry of the time people forget many things which are worth recollection; and we purpose in this narrative to recall several such things to their memories—events of deep interest and great importance to the Irish nation.

After the Dublin election nothing was heard by the public of Mr. Parnell till John Mitchel came over from America, after his long exile, to beard the British lion in his den by seeking the representation of Tipperary county. Two circumstances in connection with that event roused Charles Parnell to active sympathy on the rebel candidate's behalf. One was the opportunity given of striking a resounding blow against British domination in Ireland; the other was the indomitable, unconquerable spirit of Mitchel himself, so near akin to Mr. Parnell's own. On this occasion he emerged from the privacy into which he had retired after the Dublin county election, in an admirably written letter to the papers, announcing his hearty approbation of Mitchel's course, and giving £25 towards the expenses of the contest which Mr. Stephen Moore of Barna forced on "the premier county."

Tipperary put Mitchel at the head of the poll by an immense majority, but he died, alas! in the arms of victory. At his funeral his brother-in-law, political colleague, and fellow-convict, John Martin, was seized with a mortal illness, and within a week followed him to the grave. John Martin's death took place the 29th of March, '75. Ireland was stricken with sorrow; but Meath county bewailed a special loss, for in gentle John Martin she had had a representative as honest and earnest, as upright and firm, as ever championed the cause of "Ireland a nation" in the London House of Commons. To find a fitting successor for such a man was no easy task; but by a happy stroke of fortune Charles Stewart Parnell, having been recom-

mended by the council of the Home Rule League, was adopted as the popular candidate by a large representative meeting of the electorate. Another Home Ruler, a solicitor of much local influence, opposed him; and a Tory gentleman of the county, beholding a prospect of division in the national ranks, and fancying that he might be able to slip into the seat through the split, also took the field. When, on the 19th of April, 1875, the votes having been counted, the declaration of the poll was made, it was found that the numbers were—Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Ruler, 1,771; J. L. Naper, Tory, 902; J. T. Hinds, Home Ruler, 138; from which figures it will be seen that the mass of the electors refused to play the game of the common enemy by fighting among themselves.

There was tremendous rejoicing in Royal Meath over the victory. Enthusiastic crowds assembled in thousands to give vent to a common feeling of delight; bonfires blazed in many quarters; and the populace of Trim, in which town the declaration of the poll had been made, having discovered Mr. Parnell walking down from the parochial house to his hotel, laid lovingly violent hands on him, carried him in triumph round their own special bonfire in the market square, and finally set him standing on the head of a cask to speak a few words to them. To those acquainted with the Irish nature it is unnecessary to say that no such wild familiarity would have been taken with him if during the course of his canvas he had not become a popular favourite.

Mr. Parnell did not delay to receive congratulations on his success. Parliament was in session at the period of his election, and, moreover, the Government had just then in hands a Coercion Bill for Ireland. Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar had determined that this proposed tyrannical enactment should be met with a stiff resistance. Therefore the new member for Meath, who meant work, not pleasure, hurried over to London, formally took his seat, and was in good time to record his first vote against the Coercion Bill on the 22nd of April, 1875. As he was in Trim on the night of the 19th, it is plain that he "did not let the grass grow under his feet," to use an expressive Irish phrase.

The struggle over the Coercion Bill was stout and prolonged. Mr. Biggar began it with the famous four hours' speech which drove the assembled Commons at Westminster into alternate flushes of rage and despair. That struggle was the first taste they had got of what has since been called "Obstruction"—a word which merely expresses briefly that it is within the power of even a few resolute Irish members of Parliament to prevent any administration from having everything its own way. That struggle further showed that even a score of resolute Irish members could at least prevent anything approaching to bad measures for their country. It remained for Mr. Parnell afterwards to prove that good measures could also be obtained by a continued pursuance of the same method.

Only on the 11th of April did the bill get through the House of Commons, after a consumption of Government time which caused in

Great Britain a feeling of positive dismay. There were of course a large number of divisions over the various amendments proposed ; and it is to be recorded to the credit of Charles Stewart Parnell that, even at the very outset of his Parliamentary career, he was present, and took the Irish side, in every one of those divisions. Others there were of his colleagues, much more advanced in years, infinitely better known to the public, and possessing the full confidence of too confiding constituencies, who were absent again and again with no better cause than a desire to take their pleasure in London drawingrooms. But he stood up to his work with a diligence from which they might have taken example. The rest of the session passed over without anything remarkable being done by "the Irish party" in Parliament ; and during that period Mr. Parnell was by far more constant in his attendance than the majority of his fellow-members. He did not address the House ; but employed himself much in mastering its cumbrous and intricate forms and the rules which guide its course of procedure.

Now there was a representative of Cork city, who, having been a hot revolutionist in '48, had taken refuge under the stars and stripes, and dwelt in America for many years, in the practice of his profession of civil engineer. Having amassed a fortune, he returned to his native land, and set up his habitation on the banks of the beautiful Lee. He had profited by contact with the shrewd American mind ; and when he had observed the London Commons for some time he came to a conclusion which he expressed in pretty much the following fashion :

"You will never get them to listen to you until you begin to take as active an interest in English affairs as they take in Irish ones. I am too old to have the necessary energy for the work. Why don't some of you young fellows try it?"

The man who said this was generally spoken of with affectionate familiarity as "Honest Joe Ronayne." Peace to his ashes ! He died in the Spring of 1876. He loved Ireland well, and served her well too, and will be long borne in her grateful memory.

Charles Parnell heard the saying, and pondered deeply on it. The more he thought of it the more it appeared like a revelation ; until at length he determined that, since the practised speakers among the Irish members seemed to shrink from the labour involved, he himself would test the wisdom of Joe Ronayne's dictum. With this view he set himself to looking out for some Government measure in which he could take a tremendous interest. He eventually chose the English Prisons Bill, which proposed to hand over the management of local prisons to the executive ; and he made the selection with a view to first modifying it to his desires, and afterwards insisting that the Irish Prisons Bill which was to follow should be modelled on the precedent thus afforded. For it occurred to Mr. Parnell that the time of political prosecutions in Ireland had not yet passed away, and that it would be wise to prepare for occurrences of the kind, to the extent at least of saving those convicted of sedition from the

indignities and maltreatment to which theretofore they had been invariably subjected in Irish jails.

We have previously intimated that Mr. Parnell had little or no experience in public speaking. From native modesty, or a diffidence in his own powers, he shrank from obtruding himself on audiences accustomed to being addressed by orators, rhetoricians, and practised debaters. But to carry out the scheme of tactics which was slowly maturing in his mind it was absolutely needful to gain such experience; and to the task he began to set himself at the beginning of the Parliamentary session of 1876. The strength of his purpose impelled him to surmount every obstacle that lay in his path; so he made use of the House of Commons as a debating society in which he might acquire ease and fluency of public address.

The first opportunity of which he took advantage was of a kind peculiarly grateful to him. It was supplied by the very first of the resolute struggles to which some members of the Irish Parliamentary party have since very often treated the assembled Commons of Westminster, and which have received from the newspapers the expressive designation "scenes in the House."

The "scene" to which reference is now made arose in this way. Early in each session the Commons elect members to sit on various committees having certain duties to discharge in connection with the business of the House. The Whig and Tory party leaders usually agreed beforehand on a list of members for each committee, taken impartially from the ranks of both parties in fair proportion to their respective numbers; with the result that when the elections came on each name was passed simply as a matter of course—such a thing as taking a division against anyone being almost unheard of. The formation of a third party—the Home Rule one—disturbed the little arrangement mentioned; and at the beginning of 1876 both Whigs and Tories combined totally to ignore the existence of that third party by drawing no members of committees from its ranks. Some of the Irish representatives made up their minds to resent this grossly unfair course of the English party managers by indiscriminately challenging every name put up for election.

Late on the night of Monday, the 6th of March, there being at the time but six members of the Irish party present—of whom, as might be expected, the ever-diligent Charles Stewart Parnell was one—a motion was made "That the select committee on referees on private bills do consist of twenty-one members." Absurdly few as were the Home Rulers on the spot, they determined to fight the matter out with resolution, and to teach the Whig and Tory conspirators a lesson they would not soon forget. Mr. A. M. Sullivan promptly rose to his feet, and moved that the number of the committee should be twenty-three instead of twenty-one, with the object of adding on two of his own party. The gage of battle thus thrown down was quickly taken up by the overwhelming majority furnished from the ranks of the two British parties, united for the occasion, as usual, in doing an injustice to the Irish. They won in the divi-

sion of course, although on the Irish side there voted several fair-minded Englishmen—there *are* fair-minded Englishmen even in the London House of Commons—whose aid brought the Irish muster up to twenty-one.

Immediately “the scene” began. Every name put up was challenged in turn, and a division taken on it. What that meant, and how great was the loss of time it involved, will be understood when we say that previous to each division two minutes are allowed before the closing of the entrance door of the House, to allow of members rushing in from the bar, the dining-room, the smoke-room, the library, and so forth, to take part in the division, although they may not have the faintest idea of what it is about. The members are warned of each division by the ringing of bells set up for the purpose. When the door is closed, the Commons file slowly into two great corridors known as “the division lobbies,” one devoted to the “ayes” and the other to the “noes.” In the entrance to these lobbies stand the respective “tellers,” who stop each member as he passes, and take down his name. When the names are all entered, they are very carefully counted, all return to the chamber where sits Mr. Speaker, and the numbers for and against are announced. There is usually some cheering after each announcement; and when that is over the House proceeds again to business. Each division ordinarily takes about fifteen minutes.

From the above it will easily be seen that if a number of divisions be taken in a night, not only is “the time of the House” consumed, but a good deal of enforced pedestrianism falls to the lot of members, many of whom from one cause or other may not be very well able to walk, especially in the small hours of the morning. And it was precisely to such consumption of time and such enforced pedestrianism the resolute Irish six condemned their unscrupulous Whig and Tory opponents. Naturally these latter became annoyed under the punishment they were receiving, and a good deal of temper was displayed. It is in the midst of one of the short but warm discussions of the night that we find the first record of Mr. Parnell addressing his fellow-Commoners. The hour was one at which Parliamentary reporters do not trouble themselves to take down the sayings of members in full, therefore the record is extremely brief; but one phrase of it is so characteristic of Mr. Parnell that there is hardly room for doubt that it was reported in the exact words which fell from his lips. The report goes:

“Mr. Parnell said they had deliberately adopted this course, and *they would stick to it.*”

Significant words indeed, if his hearers but knew their full meaning when coming from him. And stick to it he did. Respect for not a name on the list was shown. Division followed division with a regularity beyond all praise. The weary Britishers walked in and out of their lobby muttering execrations on the heads of those obstinate Irish who still kept up the battle, and would not acknowledge themselves vanquished. The counting of British noses was a toil-

some process, there were so many of them. On the Irish side the counting was easy indeed, for their English allies fell away after the first division, and the Home Rule tellers had only five names to put down; after the twelfth the number fell to three.

A compromise was suggested; but the Britishers, who would have been glad to agree to it an hour earlier, were now thoroughly irate; in defiance of Dr. Watts, they had "let their angry passions rise;" and with their tremendous majority they were resolved not to give way an inch. Appeals were made to the Irish to cease a hopeless struggle; and then, we read in the report:

"Mr. Parnell said the compromise had been refused, and the fight should go on."

And on it went steadily; the Irish cool but determined, the Britishers wild with rage, and now and again giving angry vent to their excited feelings. The gallant Major O'Gorman led his division of three into the lobby, having called on the hon. member for Meath to be his co-teller. The hon. member for Meath gladly obliged his hon. and gallant friend. The thirteenth division was taken, and still the fight was not at an end. The fourteenth followed, and then the fifteenth; and when, at a quarter past four in the morning, the result of the sixteenth was announced, the angriest Whig or Tory of them all had been brought to his senses. Though the names proposed were every one carried, and in that sense the Britishers might congratulate themselves on winning several petty successes, yet the end for which the few Irish struggled was achieved—the exclusion of members of their party had to be given up—the attempt to ignore the existence of a distinct third party in the House was defeated—and in that sense, the true one, victory was with the Irish, their operations had been successful, and they had conquered all along the line.

It was during this session of 1876 that Mr. Parnell began to cultivate that devotion to the Governmental estimates for which he afterwards became so distinguished. There were many "great debates" got up that year by the Home Rule party—field-day displays which gave the do-nothings an opportunity of posing before their constituents as zealous servants, through the easy means of letting off in the House elaborate speeches to which no one paid any attention during their deliverance, but which were pretty certain to find their way into the columns of the Irish press, and to receive therein an amount of space which gave them a solid, substantial, responsible look, calculated to impress the minds of admiring but extremely simple electors to the West of St. George's Channel. Of course we are not to be understood as attributing no value whatever to such debates. On the contrary, they have their use, and are indeed at times necessary. But if there ends the work of Irish members in the English Parliament the advantage of the field-days is small indeed. Mr. Parnell allowed anyone who chose to take a prominent part in those displays. For himself he did not care for them. He saw that hypocrites systematically made use of them for the purpose

of throwing dust in the eyes of their constituencies, so he merely closed his lips more tightly, and waited with what patience he might for the crushing defeat sure to follow on the division—for which, however, he took care to be on hand. But he did active work when the House went into committee, and contrived to make himself by sheer practice an excellent debater. And when he felt the needful confidence in himself he proposed on his own responsibility a motion in favour of the political prisoners, which he supported in a telling speech, powerful not only in argument but in the unusual boldness of the tone which struck the ears of the British Commons. The date of this effort to redeem the pledge regarding amnesty given in his earliest address as a Parliamentary candidate was the 22nd of May, 1876.

In his speech on this occasion—which may be regarded as his first sustained effort at speech-making—he made such references to the trials consequent on the rescue of Kelly and Deasy from the police van at Manchester as startled most of his hearers. One of them, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, bore Mr. Parnell's remarks bitterly in mind; and when, in the Home Rule debate on the 30th June, the torpid English baronet rose to speak against the Irish claim, he lugged in by the horns, as it were, a direct allusion to what Mr. Parnell had said on the 22nd of May previously. This proceeding of Secretary Beach was a distinct breach of a rule of the London House of Commons which prohibits members from referring to any previous debate of the same session; yet, singular to relate, he was not called to order by any authority of the assembly. However, Sir Michael of the retentive memory but little knew at that time the kind of man whom he had singled out for a thrust. He, as well as every one of his colleagues, is better informed by now, and none, we fancy, would go out of his way to assail the hon. member for Meath. Even at that time the baronet was not allowed to remain long undeceived; for Mr. Parnell rose to his feet on the instant, interrupted Sir Michael, and calmly retorted as follows:

“The right hon. gentleman looked at me so directly when he said he regretted that any member of this House should apologise for murder, that I wish to say, as publicly and directly as I can, that I do not believe, and never shall, that any murder was committed at Manchester.”

It will be remembered that it was the fate of the Manchester Three which first set Mr. Parnell thinking seriously of Ireland and her unhappy destinies; and at no time since has he been prepared to listen silently to any defamation concerning them. The imprudent Secretary, on hearing the observation quoted above, seemed for a while like one who had received a good box on the ear; he stammered out a Parliamentary paraphrase of “I didn't know you'd take it that way, I'm sure;” and then, carefully avoiding any further allusion to either the Manchester cases or the hon. member for Meath, addressed himself to his subject proper.

One other feature of Mr. Parnell's conduct during this session of 1876 deserves notice here. He attended strictly to party discipline. Whenever there were meetings of the Irish party he was present ; whatever the decision arrived at by the majority he helped to carry it out. Nay, on occasions—and there was at least one—when Mr. Butt earnestly wished his followers to abstain altogether from voting on Imperial questions, so as to preserve intact the individuality of the party, and to exhibit its strength conspicuously to both Whigs and Tories ; and when men like MacCarthy Downing and Major O'Gorman obstinately refused to be led by their leader, and insisted on their right to vote with the English party of their choice ; Mr. Parnell was one of the small faithful band who followed Mr. Butt in a body out of the chamber when the bells for the division were set a-ringing ; as, for instance, after the debate on the proclamation giving to Queen Victoria the title of Empress of India—a debate which came off on the 11th of May, 1876.

Yet at the very time that Mr. Parnell, for the sake of union, submitted so willingly to the bonds of party discipline, and obeyed with such alacrity the wishes expressed by the party leader, he was conscious that all was not well in that organisation, and he had already begun a kind of guerilla warfare against the House of Commons, in conjunction with his staunch friend and ally, sturdy Joseph Biggar, one of the members for Cavan. He was also projecting a sterner struggle for the next session. He had mastered the "rules of the House ;" he had had practice in debate, both in Parliament and in the consulting rooms of the Irish party ; his diffidence had been torn away in the conflicts wherein he had engaged ; self-consciousness had been driven off, and in its stead there remained only the rapidly growing power of his unflinching purpose. His laborious attendance in Parliament for several consecutive months compelled a brief rest for a couple of weeks in June ; but he was back in his place in time for the Land Bill and for the Home Rule debate in which he so bewildered Sir Michael Hicks-Beach towards the end of that month.

So far he was comparatively unknown to the general Irish public ; but keen observers of political events had noted his course ; and when, in the August of '76, the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, to test the practical value of the Irish Convention Act, since repealed, determined to hold their annual convention in Dublin, it was Charles Stewart Parnell who was put into the second chair at their public meeting in the evening, when the vote of thanks was proposed to Isaac Butt for presiding, although there were several other members of Parliament present, whose age and acknowledged standing in the political world were much beyond Mr. Parnell's.

During the Winter of 1866-7 he reflected much on Joe Ronayne's pithy saying, and gradually improved his plan of operations against the anti-Irish majority in the London House of Commons. While still adhering to his intention to take an active interest in purely English affairs, he saw his way also to working successfully for the

benefit of Irish ones. Since the formation of the Irish party a sessional "rule of the House" had been framed to prevent measures from going forward a stage after half-past twelve at night if notice of opposition of any kind had been formally given. It seemed to be a most innocent rule—a rule devised to let members go off home to bed at some approach to reputable hours—a rule, in fact, with which no respectable man, be he member of Parliament or not, could quarrel. As a matter of fact, however, it was employed to stay the passage of the various bills brought in by the Irish party; notice of opposition having been promptly given to every one of them, while other bills of all kinds remained unopposed. The rule had been found to work so well in the way intended that it was again triumphantly passed at the opening of the session of 1877. Forthwith Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar indiscriminately gave formal notice of opposition to a score of English and Imperial bills, by which simple tactical proceeding they brought them all under the operation of the half-past twelve rule, and so checkmated the wily British schemers. The cry of "obstruction" was at once raised by those injured innocents; vague but dreadful punishments on the offending pair were darkly menaced in the British prints; cold looks from the majority of their own colleagues, and angry ones from the great mass of British members, met Messrs. Parnell and Biggar for their spirited but most natural action; everything was done by friend and foe alike to make their position most unpleasant; yet, though they did not revel, as Mark Tapley might have done, in the annoyances that incessantly met them—indeed, if the plain truth is to be told, they felt the bolts keenly enough when shot by their own colleagues—they held persistently in the course on which they had entered, and dug a deep grave for that "rule of the House" which had been so craftily utilised to hamper the bills brought in by the Irish party.

It is quite possible—nay, even probable—that there are many people who believe that Mr. Parnell's zeal in the cause of Irish peasant-proprietorship is a new thing—that the idea is one he suddenly adopted merely to gain access of popularity—that, in short, he had no real conviction on the question when early in 1879 he began to advocate it so strenuously. Well, to such doubters of his good faith in the matter we commend the fact that on the 14th of February, 1877, he urged the British House of Commons to assent to the second reading of a bill whose provisions were wholly directed towards making more easy the conversion of tenant-farmers into peasant proprietors. The title of the bill was "The Irish Church Act Amendment Bill;" and its sole object was to amend the Church Disestablishment Act in such a way that those tenants who held the glebe lands should have much greater facilities and inducements for becoming owners than the Act originally afforded. His able statement converted a great many British members to his views. In the division 110 followed him into the lobby, of whom but 39 were his party colleagues. Only 150 in all voted against his bill. Though he did not win a complete victory over British prejudice, he helped

very materially to bring the principle of Irish peasant-proprietorship to the front ; and in any case he then put beyond question the good faith of his subsequent advocacy of that solution of the Irish land problem.

Before reverting to Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary career in 1877—which was a most notable one indeed—we must refer, however briefly, to a very interesting event in which he figured prominently, and which could not but have had some effect, not only on the results of his American mission in 1879, but also in deepening and widening the kindly relations between Ireland and the United States. In the Autumn of 1876 the project was mooted of sending from the Irish people a congratulatory address to the States on the centenary of their independence. It was known in Ireland that the people of the Union meant to celebrate that glorious hundredth anniversary with unparalleled displays of public rejoicing ; and with those rejoicings the Irish, so long suffering from the loss of their own independence, could more than any other people in Europe keenly sympathise. It was resolved to put that sympathy in evidence in a form that would endure. No sooner was the project mooted in the press than its promoters found it so warmly and widely taken up that they conceived they had absolutely national sanction for the undertaking. An enormous mass meeting of the citizens of the Irish metropolis adopted the address “from the Irish nation,” which was inscribed to President Grant as the chief representative of the Union. Messrs. Parnell and O'Connor Power were deputed as the bearers of this historical document, which was richly illuminated on parchment and splendidly framed.

The two gentlemen proceeded on their mission towards the close of 1876. Arrived at their destination they found themselves confronted by obstacles which hindered them from fulfilling the trust confided to them. President Grant declined to receive the address from its bearers. If he should accept it at all on behalf of the American people it should come through the British ambassador at Washington. It was roundly asserted at the time that the said ambassador had himself raised this difficulty for the two Irish envoys. However that may be, Messrs. Parnell and Power could see nothing but a wild incongruity in presenting through a British ambassador an address congratulating a people on having been fortunate enough to fling off the British yoke, and coming from a people who were themselves struggling to get rid of British domination. The President stood firm in the position he had taken up. The two Irishmen would on no account agree to the condition he imposed ; and to ordinary observers it seemed as if the mission must turn out a conspicuous failure.

But those who knew something of Mr. Parnell's energy and readiness of resource did not believe he would be so easily baffled ; nor were they mistaken. Cancelling the illuminated parchment brought from Dublin, he got another illuminated, paying for it from his own purse ; and in this copy of the address he substituted for the super-

scription to President Grant one to the people of the States. This he determined to have accepted, if possible, by the House of Representatives at Washington. In the end his change of tactics proved eminently successful; although, being anxious to prove his new scheme of policy against the tyrant majority in the British House of Commons, he recrossed the Atlantic before the reception of the address by Congress.

The session of 1877 was the most memorable for extraordinary scenes in British Parliamentary history. Beginning with the opposition of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar to "the half-past twelve rule," and concluding with the famous twenty-two hours' debate on the South African Bill, there occurred a succession of unexampled episodes, in every one of which Mr. Parnell was a prominent figure. It was from no love of notoriety that the energetic member for Meath took such a conspicuous part in those unusual proceedings. We have already said that he knew that all was not well with the Home Rule party. The utter indifference to the interests of their country displayed by the majority of them was a perpetual goad to him. Other members of the party also had been galled by that indifference—Mr. Biggar notably so. Mr. A. M. Sullivan had commented on it in the press as delicately as he might, only with the effect of evoking a tumult against himself from those whose consciences pointed them out as culprits. Even Mr. Butt, although he totally disapproved of the new tactics inaugurated by Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, was yet most painfully aware of the want of earnestness and genuineness of too many of his followers. In private he often spoke bitterly about the discouraging fact; and once at least he gave vent to his feelings in public. At a banquet given to him in Dublin in the first week of February, 1877, he alluded, in the course of a magnificent speech, to the remissness of the majority of the party, in terms which it must prove interesting to the reader to have now recalled. He said:—

"I hope that during the ensuing session we shall have a full attendance of Irish members—such an attendance as shall enable us to act effectively in the small hours of the morning, when discussing in Parliament the questions in which we are so interested. It is not in great parades the battle of Ireland is to be fought. The man does not serve Ireland who comes over only two or three times in the session. The cause is not served by such a man, even though he take the opportunity of making a grand speech. Many men have done far wiser in making no speeches at all, but who have been always present at the hour of need—present at any hour of the morning when their services were of material use to the cause of their country. Now I do think I have a right to ask the attention of the Irish people. Give me whole-hearted support—give me whole-hearted support—no half-hearted support—or rather, if you will, infuse into half-hearted supporters the whole of your own support; and then when the day does come, when the struggle is passed, when future generations will pronounce their judgment on the part

acted by an individual so humble as myself—and believe me that the man placed in the position you place me in will occupy a place in the historic page—let me be judged fairly. If I struggle, let the Irish people struggle too, and then I will not be ashamed or look with fear to the place that my name will occupy.”

Here positively we have Mr. Parnell's views powerfully expressed ; and we only can say now it was a pity that Mr. Butt, starting with the same ideas, should have veered so wide apart from his young follower in the conclusions he ultimately reached. As for Mr. Butt's appeal for whole-hearted support from the do-nothings of the party, so far as its effect on them was concerned it might as well have been addressed to the bricks in the walls of the room in which his speech was delivered. His sentiments were cheered to the echo ; nevertheless the majority of the party remained as reluctant as ever to act up to them.

Under the circumstances so referred to by the leader of the party Mr. Parnell felt himself thoroughly justified in following his own course for the benefit of Irish interests, and especially of the cause of self-government, whether with or without the approval of Mr. Butt. That able and distinguished man, astute as he was in most affairs, was yet unable to perceive the exact bearing of the new policy. He regarded it as plain and simple obstruction of the business of the House of Commons, and again and again prophesied that it would be put down. But Mr. Parnell had no notion of taking up an attitude which he could not maintain ; and one of the cardinal features of the novel plan of action he had struck out—one too which seems wholly to have escaped Mr. Butt's notice—was to endeavour to benefit the British democracy while offering steady opposition to a British aristocratic Government. By this simple means he at once served the broad interests of humanity, incapacitated the London Parliament for speedy work, and provided an excellent and sure-acting buffer which saved himself from being crushed.

On this principle he stood while opposing the English Prisons Bill, to which embryo piece of legislation he had given long and close study. All his amendments—and he proposed a great many indeed—were directed towards liberalising the measure. He wanted to secure even criminals from brutal treatment inside the prison walls, and from being compelled by the cruelty of jailors to suffer punishments beyond those to which they had been condemned ; he wanted adequate supervision and inspection of prisons ; he wanted, above all, to save political prisoners from the degradations properly meted out in jail to the murderous burglar, the callous baby-farmer, or the beast convicted of unspeakable crimes. Amendment after amendment was proposed by him only to be lost ; and still on succeeding clauses of the bill he calmly brought up fresh amendments having in view the same or similar objects. The bill, in consequence, made little or no headway in committee ; and the wrath of the hitherto omnipotent majority steadily accumulated against the daring offender

who by his audacious pertinacity was single-handed proving himself a match for hundreds.

And just now Mr. Parnell developed a singular zeal in the interests of the soldiers of Great Britain, and devoted himself with heroic constancy to the improvement of their lot by moving amendments to the Mutiny Bill—a measure which had been therefore passed annually as a mere matter of form, and any provision of which the ordinary British member would have deemed it sacrilege to touch.

The gathering waters of rage in the end burst through the dam, and there came “a scene in the House.” It was immediately after the Easter recess; the hour was advanced in the morning; Mr. Parnell had been at constant and harassing work for some ten hours; he wished to propose some new amendments on a clause about to be discussed, and, as he had not the amendments prepared, and was besides completely worn out, he made the quite reasonable suggestion that the committee should postpone its further labours to another date.

Let the reader picture to himself the scene which followed. The London House of Commons is eighty feet long by fifty wide, and is forty feet in height. The entrance door is at the foot of this spacious apartment; and, facing the door, at the head of the room, is the Speaker's chair. A T-shaped table stands in front of the Speaker's chair. Either side of the table rise up seats, tier on tier, the higher each about twelve inches above the one next below, and all lying lengthwise down the room. Scattered over those seats are some hundred members of Parliament, most of them in the regulation “full dress” of London—white tie, much shirt-front, small black waist-coat, black trousers, and black swallow-tail coat. Many of these gentlemen have just come to the House from dinner-parties at which wine has been flowing pretty freely; others have looked in on their way home from balls where copious libations of champagne had been offered up to pleasure. These are boisterous. On the front bench to the right of the Speaker's chair are half a dozen members of the Government, asleep or pretending to be asleep. In the chair sits the chairman of committees, flushed and angry-looking—his face suggestive of a wish to have some one laid under a Nasmyth steam-hammer in full blast. Far down the room, to the left of the chair, stands erect a slim young man, calm, composed, gentlemanly, undemonstrative either in voice or gesture, and he is striving to address the House. The convivial gentlemen converse quite loudly with each other, and in concert, as if of set purpose; and the voice of the speaker is smothered in the noise. The chairman does not interfere. The young man persists, and raises his voice above the din, which suddenly grows twice as great as before. The speaker's pale face waxes paler still, and there is an ominously bright sparkle in his brown eyes; further than this there is no sign that he is moved by the vulgar rudeness which assails him. He pauses, standing still erect. There comes a lull in the designed confusion;

and into that lull he interjects a sharp, clear, terse sentence, not at all conveying compliments to the House. Then the hilarious young gentlemen of from thirty-four to forty who have been out dancing or dining and wining begin to display the variety of their accomplishments. Three or four, as if to emphasise that frugality of nature's gifts to them which among their acquaintances causes them to be set down as "asses," begin to bray. Others mimic the cries of barnyard fowl with more or less success. Some whistle as if they were lunatics who fancied themselves railway locomotives giving out a warning; some ironically shriek "yaw-yaw"—which is English for "hear, hear"; others scream "'vide, 'vide"—English for "divide, divide"; and one, a sprig of nobility, very accurately reproduces the sounds made by a man whose stomach revolts against the inordinate quantity of strong liquor with which he has overladen it.

Calmly, in spite of all, the speaker goes on whenever a moment's lull gives him the chance. He talks as argumentatively as though he were addressing a roomful of philosophers, and he does not resume his seat until he has finished the reasons which impel him to move "that the chairman do report progress"—one of the forms for bringing to an end a sitting of the House in committee.

And now occurs a regrettable incident. Mr. Butt has been taking his ease outside in one of the lobbies. Mr. Butt is genial to a fault; he is impressionable too; he is not fond of fighting at all; he has a cordial dislike of wounding British susceptibilities; and, to crown all, in the words which Major O'Gorman once applied to him during his lifetime at a public meeting, "he is too soft with those English—he often says 'hear, hear,' when he should say 'no, no.'" Some one rushes out of the House to seek Mr. Butt, finds him, gives him a garbled account of what had been taking place inside, and induces him to come in and use his influence in putting down the terrible young man who not only stops the wheels of the Parliamentary machine, and threatens to smash it up altogether, but is also "doing incalculable damage to the Home Rule cause." How tender the regard of Englishmen just then for "the Home Rule cause"!

Mr. Butt, without thinking, and without taking the trouble to make sure that his informant had not deceived him, launches out into a denunciation of Mr. Parnell which earns for the denouncer the hearty cheers of the assembly, the aforesaid convivial young men verging on middle age included. There is great smiling in the British ranks at this episode, and much mutual congratulation. Surely Mr. Parnell will hearken to the voice of his leader; surely he is now effectually muzzled and fettered; surely they can get through their Mutiny Bill that night, and so put it beyond the power of any Irish member thereafter to busy himself in a matter so purely and entirely English.

These were "the pleasing hopes, the fond desires," in which British members indulged as Mr. Butt poured out with rapid

tongue his heated utterances ; and it does not seem to have occurred to any one of those members that an Irish member's right to take an active part in the settlement of purely English affairs has been, since the Union, quite as good as an English member's to take an active part in purely Irish affairs ; though the latter occurs frequently every session.

But alas for those delightful speculations ! Mr. Parnell, though grieved at the tone taken up by Mr. Butt, was not to be turned aside from his purpose. As it is the privilege of any member to move alternately the motions, " That the chairman do report progress," and " That the chairman do leave the chair," just so long as he chooses, it came to pass, the moment it was found that Mr. Parnell had really made up his mind to have the further consideration of the Bill postponed, that the House and the Government gave way, seeing plainly that nothing whatever was to be gained by a continuance of the fight, and that nothing could result from it but increased disorder and confusion. They had had some experience of Mr. Parnell by that time, and they had already learned that when he entered deliberately on any course he would " stick to it." The Bill was therefore held over to another date.

The wear and tear of struggling almost singlehanded against hundreds, as well as of his close and constant attendance in the House the whole time it remained sitting, began even so early in the session to tell on Mr. Parnell's health. Instead of prescribing for himself a period of rest, he sent over to Ireland for a couple of his hunters, on which he could every day take a spin in the fresh rural air, and so brace himself up physically for the hard work still before him.

Meanwhile Mr. Butt had thought proper privately to lecture Messrs. Parnell and Biggar on what he thought the folly of their course. He was annoyed with the majority of his followers for doing nothing ; but he was still more annoyed with a small minority for doing what he considered too much. The members for Meath and Cavan, however, while responding courteously, declined to have their hands tied by their leader on matters outside his jurisdiction. The leader appealed to the party ; and as the earnestness and activity of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar was in itself an incessant and stinging reproach to the majority for their total want of either one quality or the other, the majority naturally took sides with Mr. Butt, with the utmost alacrity, on the point in dispute.

This, of course, did not make more smooth the pathway of the two incriminated members, more especially as it gave the good-for-nothings the very excuse they wanted for staying away from any divisions Mr. Parnell or Mr. Biggar might wish to take. Yet, on the other hand, it appears to have shamed the party into fits of action now and again ; as when, on the 1st of May, by offering a prolonged resistance in the Parnell manner they compelled the Government to raise the number of the committee on cattle plague and importation of live stock from twenty-three to twenty-seven, for the

purpose of adding to it four men of the Irish party; and likewise forced them to put on the roll of the committee a couple of names which had been at first rejected. Still further, throughout the greater part of the session the members for Meath and Cavan received most valuable aid at critical moments from some half dozen of their colleagues, including Major O'Gorman, Major Nolan, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Mr. O'Connor Power, and Mr. G. H. Kirk.

Mr. Butt about April wrote a lengthy letter to Mr. Biggar, and subsequently another long one to Mr. Parnell, on the subject of their new patent breechloading weapon for attacking the British House of Commons. As these letters did not produce the effect for which they were ostensibly intended, he most unwisely hastened to publish them. There can be no doubt that they were originally written with a view to eventual publication. They were couched in a style meant rather for the Irish people at large than for the two gentlemen addressed. Mr. Parnell replied in an extremely able and convincing letter, intended just as plainly for Mr. Butt's eyes only. Before, however, it was quite finished, Mr. Parnell was amazed to see both the communication he had himself received and that which had been forwarded to Mr. Biggar appearing in the columns of the Irish press. This circumstance of course left Mr. Parnell no option but to publish his reply. At that time it had been the fashion with many people who conceived themselves very owls for wisdom to speak of Mr. Parnell as a well meaning young man, but very headstrong and imprudent. We reprint here the conclusion of this letter, from which readers may be able to judge for themselves whether the balance of prudence in this controversy lay on the side of Mr. Butt or of Mr. Parnell. The passage is as follows:—

“P.S.—Since writing much of the above I find that your action in publishing your letter to Mr. Biggar, and subsequently that to myself, will necessitate the publication of this my reply. I regard your conduct in thus appealing to the public upon a matter which you have never even yet brought under the consideration of the Parliamentary party as most precipitate and deplorable, and well calculated to lead to serious dissension; but as you have taken the step I must disclaim for myself the responsibility of any damage which the knowledge of the serious charges contained in my letter may do to the Home Rule party in the minds of the public.

“C. S. P.”

Throughout all this controversy and others that followed between the parties, not one uncourteous word fell from Mr. Parnell's lips or pen in respect to Isaac Butt. He conducted his arguments with unimpeachable gentlemanliness throughout; and even when the great old man, then fast declining towards the grave, had sunk in the popular estimation, Mr. Parnell never wrote or spoke of him a single syllable that could rankle in his heart or cause him a personal pang. The consequence was that till the last, however much he disapproved of his policy, Isaac Butt cherished a sincere respect for Mr. Parnell.

As was to be expected, Mr. Butt's attacks on Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, and their defences, when given to the public, created no little sensation, not only in Ireland, but in Great Britain also. The press of the latter country patted the leader of the Home Rule party on the back, and found out numerous good qualities in him which it had not before discovered. There was joy in the British camp ; for was not the old delightful game of Irish dissension being played as charmingly as ever ? Mr. Butt was a very distinguished man ; he had experience ; he knew what "the tone of the House" was ; he respected its traditions ; his great ability enabled him to see how damaging even to Irish interests was the course on which Parnell and his friends, men without brains or experience, had entered ; though unfortunately he had lent himself to a scheme which threatened "the integrity of the empire," he was yet at heart a constitutionalist. Such was the style of comment bestowed on him by his new patrons, the London editors ; and as, in truth, he really believed the most of it, his anxiety to shackle the active men was not thereby lessened.

In Ireland, however, a widely different kind of comment began to prevail. Though in the pro-British and the trimming journals abuse or deprecation of "obstruction" was a staple topic, all the organs of national opinion (which had earned a character for honesty in the past encouraged Mr. Parnell and his auxiliaries to persevere. Elderly people, wealthy people, "loyal" people, and people by nature timid, in addition to the old women of both sexes, alarmed by Mr. Butt's denunciations of the new policy as "revolutionary," shrieked out against it ; but the mass of the nation, who in all probability saw nothing in it then but a means of punishing the British Parliament for its confirmed hostility to Irish rights, promptly ranged themselves on the side of Parnell and Biggar. In this state of affairs Mr. Butt, having failed to achieve the purpose intended by the publication of his letters to those gentlemen, convened for the 16th of June a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party to take the "obstruction" question into consideration.

Meanwhile, undeterred by the storms gathering around them from opposite quarters, the few adherents of this "revolutionary" policy went steadily on in their course. As at a bull-baiting the remorseless dog seizes his enormous antagonist by the lip, pinning his head to the ground, and with iron jaws holds him immovable and helpless, so they held the House of Commons in an inexorable gripe, overmastering, persistent, unrelaxing. The House might bellow as much as it liked, and bellow outrageously it did pretty often, but that was nearly the utmost it could do. Now Mr. Parnell worried it on the question of the release of the political prisoners ; now on the corrupting employment of secret service money in Ireland ; now on the Irish Judicature Bill ; now on the Irish County Courts Bill ; now on the army estimates ; and so on. Whatever the measure the Government might bring on, a watchful wide-awake Irish half dozen were present to see that it received proper discussion. And here it

may be remarked that one of the rare occasions on which Mr. Parnell was called to order occurred in a contest with the House on the 1st of May, 1877, over the nomination of Mr. Biggar to a place on the cattle-plague inquiry committee. Some paltry (snob of an Englishman had the audacity to sneer at Mr. Biggar for being in trade. At this insult to his fast friend and consistent colleague the hidden fire of Mr. Parnell's nature flamed forth. That mode of personal attack is essentially an offensively vulgar one ; while Charles Stewart Parnell, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, is a gentleman every inch. In denouncing the British snob the warmth of his feelings caused him to forget his customary prudence, and he twice fell foul of the "rules of the House." Very few gentlemen of any country would think anything the worse of him for this rare exhibition of loss of perfect self-control. Most Irishmen, we fancy, would emphatically pronounce the throwing of prudence to the winds under such circumstances to be "a good fault."

Once again, a little later on, he was hurried into excitement during a debate on the Irish political prisoners. Home Secretary Cross had denied that there were any then in durance. The Fenian soldiers still held he described as military prisoners ; O'Meara Condon and Meledy as murderers ; and Mr. Michael Davitt as an ordinary convict. Such a classification of men whose real crime in British eyes was notoriously their connection with an organisation which aimed at the overthrow of British rule in Ireland stung Mr. Parnell to the quick ; therefore he rose to reply to Mr. Cross, and to expose his misrepresentations. Although a newspaper correspondent described him on that occasion as speaking "with the placidity and gentleness of demeanour, and in the cultivated accents, which are the marvel of strangers who are shown for the first time the terrible twin obstructive," the outward calm but hid a volcanic working beneath, and after a few sharp sentences, brimming over with indignation, yet couched in language of the kind considered not inadmissible in that temple of manners, the London House of Commons, he was compelled by the strength of his emotions to bring his remarks to a close with the statement that he could not trust himself to speak further. And the stolid British majority, who had been accustomed to think him in nature as not unlike one of themselves, incapable of warm sympathies or generous feelings, received that statement with derisive shouts of "Oh !" The broader purpose of working out his tactics skilfully—the only way in which they could be worked—made him check himself before he had infringed his privileges as a member of Parliament ; and in a little while after, on the same night, he was able to assail, with the most absolute self-control, but with a sharpness which was certainly not blunted by Secretary Cross's earlier observations on Irish political prisoners, the whole system of spies and "informers" in Ireland, in a debate which he raised on the estimates for "secret service money."

The 16th of June came ; and oh ! what a flocking to the London chambers of the Irish party there was of its members. It had got

bruited among them that Parnell and Biggar and the other troublesome persons who wanted activity and earnestness and courage in Irish members of Parliament were now at last to be definitely squelched. Men whom the most urgent requisition of their leader could not bring thither when it was only a question of taking counsel how best to forward some Irish interest in Parliament, were prompt in attendance when the object in view was the highly important one of annihilating such exhibitions of zeal in the country's service as were a standing reproach to those members who did not care one jot about the country or its interests so long as confiding constituencies could be found to elect political hypocrites to represent them. The do-nothings turned up in alarming force at the meeting, now at last resolved to "do something"—not for Ireland; oh! no! but for the ridding their own precious selves of a perpetual annoyance. The contrast between activity and indolence, between earnestness and indifference, between steady application to Parliamentary duty and almost equally steady neglect of it—this was setting up a totally new example, establishing an alarming precedent, instilling into the minds of Irish electors the pernicious notion that they ought to expect real service from their representatives; and of course the sooner such a monstrous conception of political duty was smothered the better. To those London chambers of the Irish party also crowded the old Whigs who had masqueraded as Home Rulers at the general election of 1874, and who, so long as a Tory Government was in office, might be depended on to appear pretty constantly in opposition to it—whether as followers of Isaac Butt or of the Marquis of Hartington mattered but little for the time. To the same chamber came also the more limited number of Tories who had donned the Home Rule cloak to secure election, but who were equally anxious with the two other classes to put down the men that were lunatic or idiotic enough to keep Ireland—Ireland only—in view in the British Parliament.

Yet it is somewhat consoling to remember that a very considerable number of the Irish Parliamentary party who were not able conscientiously to accept the new policy, or did not quite understand all its bearings, made it their business to attend this meeting of the 16th of June, 1877, to interpose themselves between the "too active" minority and the too idle majority. Their well meant services, however, were not needed at the time. Isaac Butt was no fool. He found on this occasion forty of his nominal followers surrounding him—a number by far greater than he could ordinarily gather around him in what he deemed crises of the very first importance in Irish affairs. He knew too how reedlike was the support afforded him by many of those who had answered with such unusual alacrity his present summons. And he knew that the one complaint he had to make against the Parnell and Biggar handful was what he unfortunately considered too much zeal. Consequently, when they explained the motives which had moved them in the Parliamentary action to which he took exception, and corrected the false impression of it

which he had conceived, there was an end for the moment of all controversy. No resolution condemnatory of them was passed ; but instead was one inculcating the need of more frequent meetings of the party, so as to secure more unity and greater activity in its proceedings. Vain hopes ! delusive dreams ! Wild horses, untamed elephants, could not have dragged back again to those chambers wherein that resolution was unanimously voted several of those who assented to it that day. They had gone there to assist in putting down inconvenient activity ; in the turn that affairs took they were left only the alternative of exposing their hypocrisy or agreeing to the resolution ; they chose the latter course, but apparently with a mental reservation which gave them liberty to exempt themselves from the scope of the resolution. At all events, the rooms of the party were but seldom afterwards enlightened with their presence.

The wonderful effect of this famous meeting in restraining those whom it was called together to handcuff will presently be seen. A few days after it was held, however, an event happened which contributed to give some extraordinary developments to the new Irish policy in the British Parliament. This was the election of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell as member for Dungarvan on the 23rd of June, 1877.

Mr. O'Donnell was a graduate of the Queen's College, Galway, and a man of varied accomplishments and much ability, who had gravitated towards the London press. For years he had waged relentless war against the mixed system of education, especially as illustrated in the Queen's Colleges ; and year after year he had undeviatingly attended convocation of the Queen's University to assail, generally single-handed, in the teeth of an adverse majority, its fundamental principle. As he never had more than one supporter on these occasions, and usually had not even one ; and as the other members of convocation, from the occupant of the chair to the youngest graduate, were zealous adherents of the "mixed system," it is easy to see what hardihood he must have had to stand up for the right in a gathering so completely adverse, and to fancy what hootings, jeerings, clamour of all kinds—to say nothing of perpetual calls to order by the chairman—he had to endure.

One who had received such rough but suitable training was eminently a man for the new Parliamentary policy ; and as if by natural instinct Mr. O'Donnell took to it. He became at once, and continued to be, one of the most efficient of Mr. Parnell's aids. There was no fear whatever that the wildest tumult of the London Commons would put him down. As the stormy petrel is at home when elemental fury is at its highest, so was Mr. O'Donnell amid the hurricane rage of a bitterly hostile assembly.

He had formally taken his seat but a few days when he gave his fellow-Commoners a taste of his quality. The date was the night of the 2nd July, or rather the morning of the 3rd. The hour was one o'clock. The occasion was the wish of the few watchful, industrious Irish members present to protest against the denial to Ireland of volunteer corps. The opportunity afforded was the vote for the British volunteers in the army estimates.

At one o'clock in the morning, Captain Nolan (who has since attained the rank of Major), whose courage and fidelity are worthy of all honour, opened the ball by moving "that the chairman do report progress." His object was to secure the bringing on of the vote for the British volunteers at an hour when a discussion on the Irish side of the question could be raised with effect; it being notorious that in the small hours of the morning the British Commons are utterly impatient of and adverse to discussion, wanting to have done with business of any kind, however important, and to go home to bed; and it being almost equally notorious that Government business which is likely to evoke discussion, comes on, by some singular chance, at those same small hours.

And here it may be remarked that the essence of what is now commonly called the Parnell policy consists in having, on every occasion when it is brought in play, a distinct, appreciable, and reasonable purpose. Its strength lies in the fact that, while every form of Parliament is to be availed of, nothing is to be done blindly, or without an object readily comprehensible by at least the leaders of the House. It is elastic also as well as strong, for it can be employed on every variety of topic that can come before the Commons at Westminster. Also—since the Union compels the return of Irish members to the British Parliament—so long as the Union lasts (and that is to say, so long as Irish members are sent to that Parliament), there is no possible way of checking the employment of that policy, even a little, except by restricting the liberties of British members themselves. For the Act of Union puts Irish members on precisely the same footing as those of Great Britain; and any distinction made between them would tear up the last shred of that Act. Even the alternative of ejecting from the House obnoxious individual Irish members, while a precedent full of evil possibilities for the British themselves, would be useless in presence of a determined spirit in the Irish constituencies; since the seats made vacant could be easily filled—and would certainly be in such circumstances—by men who would very soon be at least as obnoxious. Again, with half a hundred members working in concert on the principles invented by Mr. Parnell, it would even be impossible to single out individual members for censure or punishment; and therefore a really resolute Irish party might triumphantly exclaim to the most intolerant British majority that ever existed since 1801, "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip!" In short, even to cripple "obstruction," carried out systematically and skilfully by only a score of members acting on a common understanding, the majority must cripple themselves also, must part with valuable privileges, materially impair not only the prestige and the freedom of the London Parliament, but its strength as a bulwark of English liberties as well, and surrender portion of its power of resisting the encroachments of tyranny.

There were over a hundred British members in the House, the Home Rulers were but seven in all, when Captain Nolan rose to his feet. The British majority resented the intrusion of Irish members

in their affairs. But the Irish, few as they were, were resolved to win. Captain Nolan having withdrawn his motion, Mr. O'Connor Power took it up. Of course he was beaten on a division. Mr. O'Donnell promptly rose to move "that the chairman do leave the chair." A hideous din greeted him as he went on to speak to his motion. Some of the gentlemen of "the first assembly in the world" began those imitations of the speech of the lower animals at which they are such adepts; others laughed loudly in derision; others, again, indulged in inarticulate shouts; and others still, as the tremendous uproar went on, exclaimed, "Let us see how much he will stand." Such terms as "hypocritical," "shabby," and such choice flowers of rhetoric as "pigs could obstruct," were bandied about amid the tumult of the night; and the chairman of committees, alarmed at the state of violent disorder to which the House in its anger had reduced itself, interposed sharply several times to restrain the more violent, and even threatened to bring the beastly conduct of one "noble lord" before the House. The great British Parliament, in fact—the model of representative institutions all over the world—had been turned for the nonce into a Bedlam.

Those who were anxious to know how much Mr. O'Donnell "could stand" soon discovered that he could stand a great deal indeed. When he had been on his legs about half an hour, and a partial lull in the storm had been obtained through the chairman's exertions, he paralysed his British audience by coolly observing that as they had not been able to hear his remarks it would be necessary to make them over again. And he was as good as his word. He began his speech anew, and unconcernedly went over the whole ground he had before traversed; and when at a quarter past two he resumed his seat he had infused into the breasts of his would-be tormentors a feeling ludicrously akin to positive terror.

The House had been gradually receiving accessions during these proceedings until the majority reached about one hundred and fifty. The Irish still fought on. Some British members, unwilling to give way to the audacious Hiberian handful, yet anxious to go home, had the House "counted," but when forty members were found to be present the sitting went on. Major O'Gorman followed Mr. O'Donnell with a motion "that the chairman report progress;" when *he* was beaten Mr. O'Connor Power moved "that the chairman leave the chair;" when *he* was beaten Mr. Richard Power moved that progress be reported; when *he* was beaten Mr. Parnell moved the chairman out of the chair; when *he* was beaten Mr. O'Connor Power moved to report progress. Thus the British majority were kept marching and countermarching in and out of the division lobby pretty actively for an hour.

About this time, three o'clock having been reached, the chairman felt that unsupported nature could not sustain itself in such distressing circumstances, so he had refreshments brought to him into the House, and consumed them with what relish he could at the table in front of the chair. The Speaker, whose office compelled him to wait

for the formal adjournment of the sitting, was asleep in another chamber. Much talk went on, much bandying of more or less polite abuse, much crimination and recrimination; and in the meantime the short Summer night had slipped away, the morning sun was streaming in through the windows, and at four o'clock the gas was turned off. During the talk two other efforts to count out the House had been made without effect. The marching and countermarching began again. Mr. Parnell moved to report progress; Mr. O'Donnell that the chairman leave the chair. These were followed in quick succession by corresponding motions from Mr. O'Connor Power, Major O'Gorman, and Mr. Richard Power; when another effort to count out the House was made; but still there were found over forty brave Britons who would perish on the spot rather than surrender.

The divisions had been going on in a grim, business-like way for an hour, when Mr. Parnell remarked that Irish questions were treated there in a half-contemptuous way, and that by determined action they would force on the House the duty of treating them properly. Whereupon an English member, rejoicing in the name of Blake, rather irrelevantly retorted that Mr. Parnell had spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Speaker; to which charge Mr. Parnell, in calm accents, gave a "distinct denial" and "the flattest contradiction." A hurricane of uproar and confusion supervened; and when the chairman had calmed it down somewhat the walking in and out of the lobbies recommenced. Mr. Richard Power and Mr. Parnell moved the usual motions. Another futile effort was made for a count-out; then the division on Mr. Parnell's motion was taken, and announced at five minutes to seven. Mr. O'Connor Power at once moved that progress be reported. Some talk ensued, in the course of which Sir John Lubbock complained that only five Irish members pursued this unprecedented course; whereupon Mr. Parnell enlivened matters by playfully reminding him that there is luck in odd numbers; and Mr. Whalley—kindly old soul that he was, even if sometimes wrong-headed—who had manfully stood by the Irishmen all the livelong night, threw in a scrap of the comic element by censuring Ministers for having kept them there all night "at the risk of their lives."

The House was again counted. Only thirty-six were found present; so the Speaker was roused from his slumbers and came into the Commons chamber. Having again counted the House, and found only thirty present, he declared the sitting adjourned.

It is now twelve minutes past seven. The warm glare of the July morning fills the large apartment; and there, "like eagles in the sun, the Irish stand," cheering loudly—"the field is fought and won." They have gained their point. By sheer resolution and endurance they have beaten the domineering British majority.

As may be supposed, the all-night contest of the 3rd July, and the Irish victory in which it resulted, roused to a white heat of fury the indignant blood of every true Briton. "If this kind of thing is to go on," was the universal cry from Land's End to John-o'-Groats, "what is to become of the most venerated of our institutions? Par-

liament will be brought into permanent contempt ; its prestige is already fearfully lowered ; its *morale* has even now received alarming shocks from which it must take time to recover ; and where will it all end if 'obstruction' be persisted in ? Why, the Irish will be virtual dictators of the House. They will destroy it altogether, or compel it to let go its grasp on their country."

British editors, in especial, saw all this quite clearly, and for weeks did not tire of ringing the changes on it. Not only in the London but in the provincial press rabid leaders against "the obstructives" were everyday occurrences. "Obstruction" should be put down with a high hand, it should be stamped out, &c., &c. This was the burden of their monotonous song. But how ? The question was a greater puzzle than the riddle of the Sphinx in the antique days. All the writers sagely and solemnly asseverated that "*something* should be done ;" but not one of them could discover what that something could possibly be. The incriminated members had simply exercised the privileges of their position. It was patent that to punish them for so doing would not only wear an ugly look in foreign eyes, but would establish a bad precedent which might afterwards be employed to the detriment of British liberties. There could be no possibility of hiding from the nations abroad aught in connection with scenes which had attracted the gaze of the civilised world ; nor does history offer any guarantee that there may not soon arise a designing British Minister of Imperial proclivities, misleading genius, and mastery of base arts, who, backed by a blind majority, would not scruple to use any weapon he found ready to his grasp to crush a handful struggling in the House of Commons to preserve the rights so hardly won for themselves by the British people. Therefore the efforts made to crack the exceedingly hard nut of "obstruction" got no farther in the press than that "*something* should be done."

But if the editors were furious, what term can describe the feelings surging in the breasts of the mass of members of Parliament ? If howling and clamour, and all the ways of a cowardly mob, short of actual personal violence, could vanquish the Irish enemy, there would have been a speedy end to the trouble. Those rude weapons, however, had been tried and been found of no avail. Nevertheless it was clear that "*something* should be done ;" so the active brain of one Mr. Puleston—who strangely blends in himself British membership, Yankee birth and connections, and violent Tory leanings—was set to work.

On the 4th of July he came down to the House with what he thought was an eighty-ton gun, warranted to blow up "the obstructives" at a single discharge, and all his own invention too. Its charmingly simple principle was to entrust to a majority of the House of Commons the power of crushing a minority at will. But this monster piece of ordnance, while no doubt very effective for the purpose Mr. Puleston had in mind, was unfortunately too sweeping in its discharge, and could not be counted on to avoid blowing up others than mere Irish

members. The House very soon saw that this was the case ; and the consequence was that Mr. Puleston's eighty-ton gun was rejected amid general laughter.

The English Tory of the name of Blake—perhaps smarting under that “ flattest contradiction ” which he had received from Mr. Parnell on the morning of the 3rd—returned to the charge on the 4th, burning for the opportunity of bringing the member for Meath to book about his alleged disrespectful language concerning the Speaker of the House. Being on that occasion foiled he made another essay on the 5th. The forms of the House stood in his way ; but Mr. Parnell was quite anxious to accommodate Mr. Blake ; and, rising in his place, blandly observed that if the House wished for explanation on the matter, “ he did not in any way wish to stand in the way of the House getting that explanation.” The Speaker himself closed the incident for the time ; but on the 6th Mr. Parnell made an early opportunity for giving his explanation, and so disposed of Mr. Blake and his motion.

The same night, Mr. Biggar and he, as composed as if nothing had ever happened out of the usual course, and as if they had not been besides the theme of numberless hostile leading articles in the papers for several mornings, quite calmly and deliberately opposed two English bills, taking several divisions on motions to stop their progress in committee, and in the end were again victorious. Further, some English “ gentleman ” having spoken of Mr. Biggar as a “ blackguard ” during the struggle, Mr. Parnell had him at once before the Speaker, and compelled him to withdraw and apologise for using the offensive epithet.

About this period the Government was very anxious to push on two Irish measures of its own—the Judicature Bill and the County Courts Bill—many of the provisions of both of which had earned the condemnation of the Irish Parliamentary party, or, to speak more correctly, of such of them as took the trouble to attend even moderately to their public duties. Whenever any of the party were inclined for work, Mr. Parnell worked with them heartily. In conjunction with them he took an active part in the issues raised on the Judicature Bill, besides dragging up the Phoenix Park outrage on the estimates for the metropolitan police ; making efforts to improve the constitution of the Local Government Board ; and again drawing attention to the Phoenix Park outrage on the constabulary estimates. He succeeded in procuring the adoption of several of his amendments, as well as in extracting from the Government a definite promise that they would provide for independent inspection of all convict prisons, so that their unhappy inmates should not be left wholly to the tender mercies of hardened officials. Good work for a single man, this will no doubt be thought ; yet not a tithe of what it would have been but for the restraining presence of Mr. Butt, who appealed to Mr. Parnell to give way on the constabulary estimates. In spite of what had passed between the two gentlemen, Mr. Parnell, in deference to Mr. Butt, did give way. Thus a “ scene ”

which must have been more violent than any preceding one, was avoided on the 19th July; for it had been Mr. Parnell's resolve to have challenged a division on every one of thirty-two estimates, and it is but natural to suppose that the tempers of the mob of unwilling pedestrians should have suffered more than ever under an infliction so unprecedented. Mr. Parnell, however, did not leave the House in the least doubt either as to the intentions he had entertained or the reason which moved him to forego them. He openly stated that "it was fortunate for the Government that the hon. and learned member for Limerick was present; for, had it not been for his declared wish, he (Mr. Parnell) should have divided the House on every one of the thirty-two votes." A sense of relief must have been experienced all along the Government benches at this announcement, and a transitory feeling of gratitude to Mr. Butt no doubt was felt. Against Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, the bitterest antipathy was excited by his audacious declaration. It was borne in mind too; and the very next night the frantic hostility of "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world," as the English are fond of calling their House of Commons, burst in a tornado of uproar, the equal of which had never been known within the walls of the Commons chamber. The scene which took place was similar to those we have previously described, only much more disorderly, tumultuous, and disgraceful.

The scene began by Mr. Biggar moving, near one o'clock in the morning, that progress should be reported. In the course of an animated discussion which ensued, Mr. Butt said he did not regard the proceedings initiated by Mr. Biggar as obstruction. Notwithstanding this pronouncement of the leader of the Irish party, Mr. Meldon "protested against the course taken by the hon. member for Cavan as obstructive," &c. Mr. O'Shaughnessy also, the junior member for Limerick city, was rewarded by "loud cheers" for a wanton attack upon his brother Irish members. This brought Mr. Parnell to his feet in reply. Then the full fury of the hurricane burst forth. The uproar grew deafening. Most of it was inarticulate noises—shouts, hoots, yells, groans, howls—purposely made to try once more to cow him, and at least to prevent him from being heard. Amid the horrid din occasionally could be heard shrieks of "'vide, 'vide," screams of "sit down," and the like; while one honourable gentleman, filled with an enlightened zeal for "the tone of the House," roared out familiarly, "Finish up, Parnell." The member for Meath, however, was not cowed, did not sit down, and would not "finish up." Instead, he showed a spice of resentment at the organised clamour to which he was being subjected, and contrived to make himself distinctly heard while uttering some stinging sentences not complimentary to the English national character. But it was hard work to go on. The following paragraph will help the reader to realise the circumstances under which Mr. Parnell spoke that night:—

"This is a sample (great uproar)—this is a sample—(deafening

uproar)—this is a sample of your English fair play—(indescribable confusion). I have often heard of it—(continued uproar)—but I have never seen it”—(prolonged uproar). In the midst of the hideous and disgusting confusion the chairman's voice is faintly heard, calling on the hon. member for Meath to proceed; to which that hon. member calmly responds that he will if he is allowed.

In the end by persistence Mr. Parnell won. The very means designed to prevent what was called "obstruction of business" proved in truth an admirable instrument for preventing the House from doing any business whatever. This fact began to dawn on the Tory leaders when a couple of hours had been spent in wild confusion; and at length the Chancellor of the Exchequer consented to close the sitting. It was considerably after two o'clock on a Saturday morning when the House adjourned, on the understanding that there should be a sitting for that day, beginning at noon, to push on the Judicature Bill. Saturday, except on very extraordinary occasions, is a holiday with the London Parliament, and members are always very loath to give it up to business, however important; but in the temper of the time most of the Commons were prepared to make large sacrifices in the hope of squelching the little band of irrepressible Irishmen who presumed to air opinions of their own in that assembly, and who, not content with spurning incorporation either with the Tory party or the Whig, actually dared to refuse assent to the notions entertained, however thoughtlessly or blindly, by an overwhelming British majority.

For a whole week subsequently every sitting had its "scene." The formal sitting of Saturday, the 21st, came, and with it a mob of British members prepared to send through committee at racing speed the Government Judicature Bill. Their good intentions, however, were all in vain. At the very outset they were met by a motion to report progress; and then through long weary hours the wrangle between majority and minority went on. It must be said of this day's sitting that by no means such violence was displayed as at any of the stormy night scenes; a circumstance largely due, no doubt, to the fact that it was held before dinner, not after.

Mr. Butt made a remarkable intervention in the tedious debate. He began by saying that "he rose with feelings of humiliation to take part in this miserable discussion." Although the gist of his speech was a condemnation of his own too zealous followers, he did not wholly acquit the majority of blame. The portion of his remarks first alluded to evoked "loud cheers" of course from the British; but they did not appreciate the second portion at all—which was only what might have been expected. In spite of his influential interference the Saturday sitting might almost as well not have been held. But little was done except to expose more clearly than ever the utter helplessness of the British House of Commons in the grasp of a few resolute Irish members.

The sitting of Monday, the 23rd, came, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose early in his place to propose, in view of the alarm-

ingly backward state of "the business of the House," that Tuesdays and Wednesdays—the days devoted to the bills of private members—should be given up by them to the Government for the rest of the session. Mr. Parnell, "who rose amid loud and general interruption," opposed the Chancellor's proposition, and in the course of his speech took occasion to point out that the House was really overburthened with work; that in its insatiable appetite for meddling with the affairs of other peoples it had gorged itself with business; and that the only remedy for its complaint was disgorgement. He was informed that he must not discuss the question of Home Rule for Ireland on a motion for facilitating the transaction of "the business of the House," but he adroitly drove home his point by saying that it would be necessary very soon to take into consideration the breaking up of the legislative functions of the House, and their redistribution among smaller bodies. That day there was another scene, of course. The majority were in such a condition of mind that they could not keep their tempers for fifteen minutes at a time; but as the climax of violence had been reached in the sitting of the 20th, the tendency now was towards outbursts of wrath less unreasoning. Mr. Parnell's share in the inevitable "scene" was a warm interposition in defence of Mr. O'Donnell when that gentleman was grossly attacked by a Tory named Chaplin.

An incident of a very peculiar kind occurred in the sitting of Tuesday, the 24th July, which, though it caused much laughter in the House at the moment, was yet added to the long list of offences of which in the minds of most of the British members Mr. Parnell had been guilty. The Irish County Courts Bill was under consideration in committee; the hour was one well into Wednesday morning. Major O'Gorman moved that progress should be reported. He named Mr. Biggar for his co-teller. The two gentlemen proceeded to the lobby of the "ayes" to count those who were of opinion that progress should be reported. They were followed into the lobby by but one solitary member—Mr. Parnell. Messrs. O'Gorman and Biggar had small trouble in fulfilling their duties as tellers. Not so the Tory whips; for when the numbers were announced there appeared "ayes," 1; "noes," 147.

The gallant major was still unsatisfied. No sooner was the result of the division given to the House than he moved "that the chairman do now leave the chair." Again he named Mr. Biggar to aid him in counting; again that gentleman cheerfully assented; and again Mr. Parnell rose quietly from his seat, and placidly walked alone into the lobby. When the division on this second motion of Major O'Gorman's was declared, it was found that there was but one "ay" against 128 "noes." There was something so unique, so sublimely audacious, in these two unprecedented divisions, that for the nonce the British saw only a comic side to the affair, and the announcements of the numbers were received with roars of laughter. But, judging from what happened on the following day, it would seem, after all, to have been bitterly remembered.

The Government had a bill in hands for forming a confederation in their South African colonies. They had also annexed, in a most unjustifiable manner, the republic of the Transvaal. Mr. O'Donnell had put down on the notice paper some forty amendments to the South African Confederation Bill. On Wednesday, the 25th July, as soon as the House was made, he moved to report progress, on the ground that the Government had given no clear and satisfactory explanation of the annexation of the Transvaal. As usual, he was greeted with shouts and interruptions, and appeals to the chair to declare him out of order. When he had finished, Mr. Parnell rose amid interruptions, which were repeated and continued while he spoke. His observations were couched in a warmer style than was habitual to him, for the subject was one on which he felt strongly. In the course of his speech he said :

“ I feel as an Irishman, coming from a country which has experienced to the fullest extent the result of English interference in its affairs, and the consequences of English cruelty and tyranny, that I have a special interest in thwarting and preventing the designs of Government upon their unfortunate South African colonists.”

No sooner were these words spoken than Sir Stafford Northcote sprang to his feet like a man who saw an opportunity for which he had been looking. He moved that Mr. Parnell's words should be taken down, and the Speaker of the House sent for. These grave ceremonies having been properly performed, the words were duly reported to the Speaker. That functionary “ turned eagerly upon Mr. Parnell for an explanation, but Mr. Parnell placidly looked on, and made no sign of rising. After being more than once invited to speak, the hon. member at length rose, and soon all the previous excitement was child's play to what ensued. In the most determined manner he defended himself, and, using language which greatly irritated the Ministerialists, he was called upon by the Speaker to desist and withdraw.”

When a member of the London Parliament is about to be tried by his peers, the strange custom of the place is to send him out and try him behind his back. Mr. Parnell left the House proper, as desired, and proceeded to one of the galleries, where he quietly sat observing all that subsequently passed below. We take from a London correspondent the following description of the scene which ensued :—

“ The moment Mr. Parnell had gone, the Chancellor improved the opportunity by giving his version of the occurrence, and ended by making a proposal—that Mr. Parnell, having wilfully and persistently obstructed public business, be suspended from the service of the House until Friday next. In his hasty and feeble way it was at once seen that the Chancellor had not hit the mark at which he aimed, and a murmur of triumphant satisfaction ran along the Irish ranks—now greatly recruited when it was found that a deliberate onslaught had been made on one of their number. Mr. Sullivan, ever ready to fill the Irish gap, sprang to the rescue of the member for Meath, adopted for himself the very words which had disturbed the

soul of Sir Stafford Northcote, and challenged the Government to take *his* words down. With exquisite perception of the truth, Mr. Sullivan demonstrated to the House that which was clear enough, indeed, to those who had watched the entire tactics of the Government throughout the day—namely, that the Chancellor wished to punish Mr. Parnell, not for what he had said that day, but for his conduct on previous occasions, and which was not on record. Another heavy blow came upon the Government from a quarter they little suspected. Who was it that dared from the front Opposition bench, directly facing Mr. Hardy, to cast in the teeth of that very Hotspur of obstruction his famous avowal to ‘thwart’ all the efforts of the late Ministry to carry out its army reforms? Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, ex-Lord of the Treasury, and ex-Under Secretary for the Home Department. It was in vain that the chairman peered through his spectacles, or nervously wrung his hands. It was in vain that, with the hot blood rushing up to his face, Mr. Hardy impatiently shook his head. Mr. Hugessen dilated with great precision on the well-remembered tactics, and not once or twice, but on dozens of occasions, of members of the present Government to obstruct the measures of the late Ministry. The discussion then became general, and it was soon made apparent that the mine sprung by the Government so far had been sprung in vain. The Chancellor at last was compelled slowly to give ground, for the Speaker announced that Mr. Parnell was entitled to take his place in the House until Friday.”

So the consideration of the Chancellor’s penal proposal against Mr. Parnell was postponed for two days, when that most aggravating of Irish members was at last to be brought to book, to the great joy of the now triumphant majority.

“The battle is not always to the strong,” according to the proverb ; and in the encounter between Mr. Parnell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, supported as the latter was by the mass of the Commons, the wise paradox received ample justification. The Chancellor was worsted, and knew that he was. So too knew every man in the House who still retained even a remnant of reason. The member for Meath, calmly surveying from the gallery overhead the remarkable scene taking place on the floor beneath him, heard the Speaker’s decision that he was at liberty to resume his place in the House. Thereupon he left the gallery, and walked quietly towards the bench usually occupied by him. Though aware that he had won an undoubted victory, and that he had had besides the gratification of opening out his mind about the Ministerialists pretty freely to them, he wore no air of triumph as he went up the floor. Rather, indeed, his mien was that of gentlemanly if not studied unostentation.

He did not, however, take his seat when he went in. He had had possession of the floor at the time of the Chancellor’s interruption ; he had not been allowed to conclude his speech ; and now, after the lapse of an hour spent in discussing his words and conduct, he proceeded to finish the remarks he had originally intended to make.

He went on, in truth, precisely as if there had been no interruption whatever; and he amazed all while amusing many by taking up his speech at the exact point where he had left off—absolutely at the very words where he had been checked—"and," says a newspaper correspondent of the time, "bore himself with all the calmness of a judge amid the uproar."

The Marquis of Hartington, leader of the Whig Opposition, and possible leader of the House in the event of a change of Ministry, was naturally as anxious to quell Mr. Parnell as Sir Stafford Northcote himself could be; but he was just as anxious that that should be done without at the same time doing vital injury to the House of Commons itself. Therefore, as Sir Stafford had placed himself in a false position by his rashness of the 25th July, the Marquis obligingly came to his aid at the sitting of Thursday, the 26th, by mildly suggesting that the personal aspect of the obstruction question should be wholly dropped. A capital suggestion this was for the Chancellor, seeing that he could have made nothing of his charge against Mr. Parnell; so Sir Stafford in the most amiable manner adopted the idea of his right honourable friend the noble marquis, and announced that instead of proceeding against the honourable member for Meath on the morrow he would bring forward some resolutions dealing in a general way with the facilitation of "the business of the House." In all probability this little Parliamentary farce, which went off with great *eclat*, had been arranged beforehand between the right honourable baronet and the equally right honourable marquis.

The morrow came, Friday, the 27th July, and the resolutions of the Chancellor were duly put before the House. One provided that if a member were twice declared out of order by the Speaker or the chairman of committees it should be in the power of the House to muzzle him by suspending the debate and summarily silencing him during the remainder of the sitting. The other provided that it should not be in the power of any member to move more than once that the chairman do report progress or that the chairman do leave the chair. The first as well as the second of these rules was meant to work practically only while the House sat in committee, for then it was that the new Irish scheme of Parliamentary tactics could be best developed.

Hours on hours of discussion of these proposals followed their introduction; for the more thoughtful among the British members were loath to part, even for the remainder of the session, with valuable privileges of which they themselves might be anxious to avail themselves at any moment. The one circumstance of the discussion which astonished and disturbed the faithful Commons was that all the prominent "obstructives" rose to tell the House that they had not the faintest idea of offering opposition to the proposed rules. It had naturally been expected that they would resist to the utmost what was so transparently an effort to make a net in which to catch them; and when, instead of resisting, they seemed rather to enjoy the process of manufacture going on before their eyes, an uneasy

feeling began to prevail in the bosom of many a British member that the Chancellor's meshes would prove unequal to their purpose. Nevertheless the Minister's blindly obedient majority obeyed his will, and the Chancellor's proposals at length became formally "rules of the House" for the rest of the session of 1877. Here we may state, however, that the only one who came under the operation of either of them was a British member—poor Mr. Whalley, to wit—and that in applying the first rule to him the Speaker made a ludicrous blunder which put his own proceeding wholly out of order, and brought down general ridicule on "the new rules." What effect those rules had in restraining "the obstructives" will presently be seen.

The sessions of the London Parliament usually close before the middle of August, to allow of noble lords and honourable and right honourable gentlemen being on the moors in time for the opening of the shooting season—an arrangement which is obviously less for the convenience of legislation than of the legislators. Lo! August was at hand, and the Government's pet project, the South African Confederation Bill, had still to go through most of its stages. Ministers felt that "something must be done" in earnest at this conjuncture. Monday, the 30th July, passed away, and the South African bill had virtually made no progress. The dreadful member for Dungarvan and his small band of colleagues stood in the way. Need it be said that Mr. Parnell was one of them? Tuesday, the 31st July, disclosed the notable "something" which had been evolved.

Anything better calculated to render Parliamentary institutions worthless, to bring them into just contempt, and to make men inclined to turn from them towards some form of intelligent despotism, can hardly be conceived than the plan put in force on the 31st July. The Conservative members were divided into batches, each batch told off to appear in the House during certain hours of the evening and night. Thus a system of relays was constituted, whose duty it was to relieve each other at stated periods, and so avoid too much fatigue for any. It was perfectly understood from the first that their business was, not to discuss the provisions of the South African Bill, but to pass them. Many Whig members lent themselves to this conspiracy, moved thereto by the good old Sassenach intolerance of Irish liberties. Some of the Home Rule party, with the spaniel's instinct, did likewise. Every necessary preparation had been made to keep up the strength of the Government men. Meat and drink were provided for them regardless of expense. Supper for those who remained about the lobbies for divisions in the night, and breakfast for those expected early in the morning, were ordered by the Government whip. Such toothsome delicacies as grilled bones, devilled kidneys, and spatchcocks figured largely on the dining-room tables. Copious supplies of champagne were there to keep up the fighting spirit of the Saxon host. No doubt it had that effect as the hours flew by; but it had the effect also of making honourable members more uproarious than they might otherwise have been.

The struggle began at about five o'clock on Tuesday evening, Mr. O'Donnell, in right of his scores of amendments, leading the assault. The Irish, all told, numbered just seven. Mr. Butt sided with the Government and the majority, and bitterly assailed the colleagues who were too active for his wishes. He publicly denied in the House that they were members of the Irish party, and declared that if he thought their conduct received the sanction of their countrymen he would retire from Irish politics as from "a vulgar brawl." Yet he should not be judged too harshly. His early Conservative training could not but have left some warp in his ideas.

All night long the contest went on. The chairman of committees was relieved by a deputy, who in turn was relieved by another, who in turn was relieved by still another, who in turn was relieved by the chairman in person. Every amendment proposed was ignorantly defeated, when brought to a division, by a swarm of British members who had not heard a word of the reasons urged in favour of the amendments, but who rushed in to the House with the sole and deliberate purpose of voting down any and every proposal that came from the Irish seven.

As might be expected, Mr. Parnell took a conspicuous part in the fray. In the course of the night, in language which the newspaper correspondents characterised as of extraordinary boldness, he taunted the Englishmen with their love of boasting, sneered at "English fair play," told them it was best exemplified in their national custom of kicking a man when down, and described then as "big bullies," who, like all bullies, shrank when they were met with determination. It need hardly be added that such plain and truthful speaking was not at all to the taste of those who heard it; but they had to swallow it as best they could.

This was just the occasion on which to test the value of the "new rules." Strange to say, however, the Irish members kept wonderfully within the bounds of order, while such of their British opponents as ventured to speak at all were constantly tripping up, and one after another, amid general mortification, had to withdraw and to apologise for his unparliamentary expressions. As if to crown the absurdity of the anti-obstruction devices, and to put a climax of ridicule on those doings of "the assembled wisdom of the country," the very chairman himself got out of order, made a ruling antagonistic to the Irish which was at once challenged, and was constrained to withdraw it and to say, "I beg your pardon," to the infinite grief of the wildly excited but thoroughly humiliated mob of Britishers. To Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, then in his best days as an Irish politician, was due a result so provocative of inextinguishable laughter.

The wear and tear of this most harassing session had for some time been telling on Mr. Parnell. The London correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who is understood to be no other than Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, writing a little while before this famous scene at Westminster, describes him as looking much worn and as having aged wonderfully in appearance within a

comparatively short time. Though his strength was failing he held on resolutely all through the night, saw the sun rise and the gas turned off; and not till a quarter past eight in the morning, after fifteen hours of incessant labour, mental and vocal, protracted struggle, unending uproar, and unbroken excitement, did he retire from the arena to take a much needed rest. Others had preceded him, and had returned to their posts. But he did not remain long away. Four hours later, at a quarter past twelve, he was again by the side of his few colleagues; and thenceforward until the last division was taken, after a sitting of the unprecedented duration of twenty-six hours, he continued with them the unequal fight.

It should be noted here, as a very interesting incident of this famous sitting of the British Parliament, that Miss Fanny Parnell, one of the high-spirited sisters of the member for Meath, sat all night long in the ladies' gallery of the Commons chamber, a listener to and a spectator of what was going forward below. The lady's strong Irish sympathies and high-souled courage are very generally known by this time.

Another notable incident of the twenty-six hours' sitting may be recalled. There is a chaplain attached to the House of Commons, whose duty it is to prepare with prayer the business of each sitting—an ironical proceeding some may think. He came down to the House at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, book in hand, to perform his functions in the ordinary course at a day sitting. His astonishment may be imagined when he found the night sitting of Tuesday still in full swing at noonday on Wednesday; and he precipitately beat a retreat.

The Government had carried their point. They had forced the South African Confederation bill through committee; but they had done so at the cost of depriving the House of Commons of all character as a deliberative assembly. Very soon they were made to know that. Every journal in Great Britain and Ireland was ringing with the twenty-six hours' fight; and though, of course, the British writers at first and chiefly showered blame on the heads of the Irish "obstructives," yet the conspirators against freedom of debate came in for the gravest censure. Englishmen are as jealous of their hard-won national liberties as they are impatient of the liberties of other peoples; and from all sides came down a very hail of denunciation on the Government for daring to overturn, by the system of "relays," the whole constitution of the House of Commons, and causing it to violate its duty of deliberating on legislative projects. Thus the latest weapon fashioned for the crushing of the new Irish tactics was discovered to be more fatal to British freedom than to "obstruction;" consequently it was never more employed.

Again, the Irish, with their accustomed skill, had selected for their operations a subject which was certain to afford them ample justification for the most strenuous opposition. The annexation of the Transvaal and the South African Confederation Act were between them responsible for the Zulu war, with its bloody episodes and its

disgraceful disasters of Isandula and the Intombi river, as well as for the heavy pecuniary costs involved—costs which must come out of the pockets chiefly of British taxpayers. Nor is it by any means certain, at the time of this writing, that all trouble for the British empire is at an end in South Africa. It may be a long while ere the Boers are content to remain in that South African Confederation with which they were so violently incorporated.

About the beginning of August London editors made a singular discovery. They had previously been accustomed to refer to Mr. Parnell as a man wholly without capacity, who had achieved a bad notoriety by a series of wanton outrages against "the tone of the House." All of a sudden, however, they found out that he was a man of "undoubted ability," who showed great skill in selecting the subjects he brought before the House aforesaid, great clearness in presenting his views, and great adroitness in utilising the forms of Parliament. He was spoken of kindly as a young man who had a splendid career open to him if he would employ his undoubted ability in less aggravating ways, and would not set himself in violent opposition to the House. Why, it was hinted, he might before long actually be a Cabinet Minister of the British empire. A man with his gifts might aspire to almost any post. (In other words, if he would only throw over Ireland, accept the Union, and settle down to work as a British party-man, he would in the end be duly rewarded with "a place.") Charles Stewart Parnell, nevertheless, heeded as little this British soft sawder as he heeded the uproar to which British members of Parliament nightly treated him. He went on his own way without pause or falter, offering, with Mr. O'Donnell and others, amendments to the Prisons Bill and the South African Bill to the last, some of which were so obviously valuable that the Government accepted them. Nay, a few nights after the twenty-six hours' fight he calmly "talked out" the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill—a Government measure of the very first importance—the feat evoking only unutterable horror. It was too much. Words—nay, even brayings—could not express what was felt on the occasion.

The strong language in which Mr. Butt indulged in the debate on the morning of the 1st of August expressed his real feelings, and he soon made an effort to procure the expulsion from the Irish Parliamentary party of those members who had the temerity to defy English public opinion and to show the most utter disregard for "the tone of the House." It should be remembered for him that he was then fast failing both in mind and body, that he was constitutionally averse from anything in the nature of resolute fighting, and that, besides, the training of a life most of which was passed in *nisi prius* courts inclined him to persuasion and argument for the accomplishment of his ends. If he were so wanting in sagacity as to regard the British Parliament as though it were an enormous jury sworn to do justice according to the evidence, there was much excuse for him. His effort to expel Mr. Parnell and his friends wholly failed

at the meeting of the Irish party called for that express purpose. Even though Mr. Butt threatened to resign his leadership if his wishes were not complied with, the meeting broke up without doing anything or coming to any decision on the question before them.

In Ireland the course pursued by Mr. Parnell and his friends was not only understood but thoroughly approved of ; and when it came to be known that efforts were being made by Mr. Butt to crush the fighting men of his own following, it was deemed judicious to give him some unmistakable inkling of the popular judgment on the subject in dispute. Accordingly a public meeting in honour of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar was projected in Dublin, to be held in the historic Round Room of the Rotundo. The committee of management early foresaw that some mode of checking the rush that would be made on the room the night of the meeting was an absolute necessity. Admission by ticket only was resorted to. The demand for tickets was amazing. All classes, rich and poor, high and low, made application ; even numerous civil servants eagerly sought for them that they might secure admission.

The most remarkable session of the British Parliament for over a century came to an end on the 13th of August, 1877. The Rotundo meeting followed on the 21st of the same month. Even under the ticket system every part of the vast hall—platform, floor, and gallery—was overcrowded. The scene when the two guests of the evening came on the platform was such as was never previously witnessed, there or elsewhere, by the present generation. Such wild enthusiasm, such unbounded delight, such universal cheering, prolonged for ten minutes, such waving of hats in air by strong-armed men, such fluttering of snowy handkerchiefs by bright-eyed women—such a scene as this is seldom witnessed more than once in a lifetime. A forest of hats moved to and fro over the densely packed mass on the great platform ; and in front of that black moving mass there stood, erect, unwavering, a tall slight figure, presenting a pale quiet face with set features, which might have caused an observer to think that their owner was stirred by no emotion whatever, either through the thrilling sight before him or the yet more thrilling sounds of joy and welcome which tore the air incessantly, but that now and again a soft light came and went in the bright brown eyes. And when the cheering within the room had died away, lo ! more mighty still in volume came the hurraing of the many thousands outside the building, who, unable to effect an entrance, were yet eager to join their voices with those of the more fortunate within, in an overpowering demonstration of welcome to Parnell and Biggar, the two exemplars of faithful Irish representatives. Dublin had spoken on the issue raised by Mr. Butt, and her verdict was emphatically with Mr. Parnell.

The capital of a nation may not be in strict accord, either politically or morally, with the rest of the country. Provincial places usually move more slowly than metropolitan ones ; provincial people do not catch up new ideas in a hurry. Dublin indeed had spoken ;

but the voice of the provinces had yet to be heard in judgment on the new Parliamentary policy before anyone could assume that it had the approval of the country. Yet so rapidly did this policy commend itself to the national intelligence that within a few weeks Mr. Parnell was invited to and honoured at public meetings and banquets by several provincial districts, the old fortress-town of Kilmallock spiritedly leading the way. Wherever, in fact, the people were given the opportunity of making a pronouncement, it was emphatically on the side of Parnell as against Butt.

That circumstance, however, did not prevent Mr. Butt from retaining much influential support for the "fair-and-easy" method he himself favoured. He had too often branded as "revolutionary" the more active and persistent one not to have had a following among the large number of people who, in Ireland as elsewhere, shrink from a course which they regard as violent.

Nevertheless Mr. Butt must have felt that the sceptre was slipping from his grasp; that his title of leader was scarcely more than nominal; that his power over the Irish people, whether to spur forward or restrain, was fast ebbing away. It was a mortifying position for the great old man, and its bitterness must have been aggravated by the consciousness of failing health. His step was even then growing slow and heavy; his great frame, massive as an oak-tree's trunk, had fallen far forward at the shoulders; the movement of his big heart was feeble, and his pulses made less healthful music than of yore. Worse than all, the splendid intellect, once so strong and so versatile, and on which a great question seemed to lie as lightly as a pebble in a giant's palm, was giving way, was wearing down, was losing both power and elasticity. And the soul of the old man was grieved exceedingly.

In the hope of still effecting good with the Irish Parliamentary party, he consented, although reluctantly, to the holding of a national conference for the purpose of settling the vexed question of policy. While waiting for the assembling of this conference the year 1877 passed away.

In January, 1878, the conference was duly held. A majority of those present, as well as all the weighty argument, was so plainly on the side of the new tactics that the prominent supporters of the old did not dare to take a division on the question in dispute; and a compromise—suggested by Mr. Parnell, who did not want to break up or divide the Parliamentary party, but only to put some earnestness into it—was effected. Mr. Butt could not but have felt that he had sustained a defeat; and the feeling was not calculated to lighten his vexation at the course affairs were and had been taking. In a little while he formally resigned the leadership of the party, but resumed it, at least nominally, on the request of the members. When, later on, he resigned the post of president of the Home Rule Confederation, driven thereto by the repeated declarations of branches of that body in favour of the new policy, and when on the instant Mr. Parnell was unanimously elected his successor, the cup of bitter-

ness must have been filled for him, and only a rancorous or a dull cold heart could refuse him pity and sympathy. He had made large sacrifices of time and money for Ireland, doing the best for her according to his lights ; he had given stupendous labour in the drawing up of Irish bills and the like ; he had devoted several of the best years of his life with great earnestness and energy to the furtherance of Irish popular interests in many ways ; yet, on the one hand, he found that in spite of his numerous appeals to them a majority of the Irish Parliamentary party, while claiming to be truly his followers, would not work steadily with him, and in important crises were ever ready to split up into tails of the two great British factions ; and, on the other hand, because he was so unwise as to identify himself completely with that worthless majority, who would neither be led nor driven to do right, he found the masses of the Irish people falling away from him and enthusiastically enrolling themselves under the banners of the men for whom his strongest denunciations had been reserved. Who could envy him the feelings he must have had on awakening to the consciousness of desertion on both sides, while he himself fully believed that the desertion on either was wholly undeserved ? Justice to his memory ! Even though he employed the brief remainder of his life and the remnant of his decaying powers rather in a struggle to retain the leadership from which the popular will had virtually deposed him, than in serious effort for the interest of the country of his birth and his love, we can still wish that the clay may rest lightly on his breast in that lone humble grave in sea-washed Donegal where he chose that his body should mingle with Irish earth.

When Mr. Parnell entered the London Parliament in 1878 his position was an infinitely stronger one than it had theretofore been. He was no longer an individual member struggling against an overbearing and intolerant majority. He had acquired something of the character of a national representative. His previous action had been sufficiently endorsed to give him much more than individual influence. All through the session of 1878, therefore, though he still worked in the grooves he had previously made, extraordinary scenes were not the ordinary result of his proceedings. On the contrary, the Government were inclined to conciliate him to a large extent, much to the disgust of many of their stupid followers, who thought that hanging would be too mild a fate for "that Irish fellow." The British press still harped on "obstruction," and Mr. Parnell was actually designated publicly "a curse to the kingdom"—the kingdom referred to, we need hardly say, being Great Britain.

At length, so intolerable to the British Parliament and Government had the situation grown, a Parliamentary committee was appointed to consider how best an end could be put to "obstruction." Mr. Parnell's firm position in the House was recognised by the Government placing him on this committee. While serving on it he completely baffled every effort made towards showing that he and the few who acted with him had been at all in the wrong. He

also established the futility of striving to restrain him even a little in the future, except by the adoption of some method which must restrain British members also, and so be hurtful to Parliament itself. In short, so skilful were the questions he put to the various witnesses, and so ably did he expose the fact that the real drift of the inquiry was to repress only such Irish members as stood up manfully for their country, that the British press positively took to complimenting him, praised him for his ability, his wisdom, and his mastery of Parliamentary procedure, and suggested to the Ministry that he should be often appointed on committees of the House, where he could do most useful work, and at the same time be kept occupied in such a way as to prevent him from delaying the ordinary business of Parliament.

Undisturbed either by censure or flattery, he continued his labours persistently, amazing all, not only by the vast number of subjects he took up, but by the fulness of his knowledge regarding each. There was no stopping him, because he always spoke clearly and pointedly to the question before the House. And at last, as the days of the session were quickly running out, and Government business was woefully behind, the Ministry hit on the sensible plan of buying off his opposition for a couple of months. This was done by the introduction of the Irish Intermediate Education Bill, which went far towards putting Irish Catholics on an equality with Irish Protestants in the matter of middle-class education, restored to Ireland a million of pounds out of the many millions taken from her and transferred to the Imperial exchequer, and must prove of incalculable benefit to the next generation of Irishmen.

The session of 1879 was a repetition of the previous one in its leading features. Mr. Parnell devoted himself, among other labours, to a continued criticism of the Government Army Bill, with the result that it left committee a totally different bill from what it was when it went in. About thirty of his amendments were accepted by Ministers, and in the course of the long struggle he succeeded in changing the opinion of the House on several points of army discipline. Meanwhile Government business was again woefully delayed; and another bid for Mr. Parnell's inactivity was made by the introduction of an Irish University Bill—this, too, in face of a Ministerial statement, made early in the session, that the administration had no intention of dealing with the subject of Irish university education.

Out of this Ministerial concession arose a most unpleasant episode. The bill notoriously did not attempt to do full justice to the Catholic body. Mr. Parnell firmly held the view that the same method which had forced it into being could improve it in constitution. Several of the Irish Catholic members were of a like conviction, and were anxious to keep up the pressure on Government. But, alas! a majority of the Irish Catholic members would not agree to this courageous and obviously right course. Sharp words are said to have passed between the two sections at a private meeting of the party;

and Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, member for Tipperary county, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, felt himself especially aggrieved by Mr. Parnell through something that took place on the occasion. He revenged himself in the columns of his paper by floating the story that Mr. Parnell had called those who differed from him "a cowardly set of Papist rats," and another story which charged him with having used offensive epithets in regard to several of his brother members. The first story was promptly contradicted by five of the Catholic members present at the meeting—all men of the highest character, both personally and politically. Three others, who politically cannot be said to stand by any means so high, gave a kind of support to Mr. Gray's statement, but all three differed materially in their versions of the words alleged to have been used by Mr. Parnell. The second story, when traced to its origin, was found to have no foundation whatever. The whole country rose almost as one man to sustain the member for Meath under these unfair attacks, and both Mr. Gray and his journal fell into deep discredit. A reconciliation between the two gentlemen was effected through the intervention of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, Mr. Parnell behaving with the utmost magnanimity in the affair.

The Irish University Act—which, though it did not confer complete equality on the Catholics, was yet a very useful measure—was the trophy Mr. Parnell had to show for his Parliamentary warfare of 1879. It is needless to recal that by this time he had all Ireland at his back, except the political tricksters and the British party-men. A striking proof of the fact was afforded by the Ennis election in the Summer of 1879. In that spirited town, so celebrated for its connection with Catholic Emancipation just half a century before, Mr. Parnell was able to carry a candidate pledged to the active policy in Parliament, notwithstanding the opposition of the bishop of the diocese and the local clergy. It need hardly be observed that the population of Ennis are among the most devotedly Catholic in the world, and that nowhere is the advice of appointed spiritual guides received with more unqualified respect, and ordinarily with more unqualified acceptance, even in temporal concerns.

Mr. Parnell had long seen how destructive to Irish prosperity was the system of Irish landlordism. Scarcely had the agitation for a reduction of rents begun than he reduced the rents of his own tenants, although, as may well be supposed, they were not rack-rents. From the outset he flung himself into the land agitation started by Mr. Davitt, coming over from the London Parliament to speak at one of the earliest Mayo meetings in the beginning of the Spring of 1879. When his harassing Parliamentary labours were closed for the session, instead of taking required rest, as others would have done, he went into the land agitation heart and soul, attending meetings in all parts of the country. One very appreciable effect of the agitation was a widespread reduction of rents which retained millions of pounds in the impoverished tenants' pockets. More valuable still were the lessons impressed by Mr. Parnell on the awakening til-

lers of the soil. Among others he taught them that it was wrong to let themselves and their families starve in order to pay rackrents to landlords; he taught them to organize and combine for mutual protection; he taught them to regard the establishment of a peasant proprietary as the one permanent settlement of the Irish land question; and he struck out a practicable plan which, while compensating the landlords for the relinquishment of their proprietorial privileges, would inevitably transfer to the tillers the ownership of the soil.

Finally, seeing that the British Government did not mean to come to the relief of the unfortunate people trembling on the verge of starvation, and that it did mean to uphold the rapacious system of landlordism which had driven them there, he determined to appeal to the people of the United States. They were free; they were generous; they were powerful; the moral influence of their public opinion would be a tremendous force if arrayed on the side of a plundered people. To them he would speak with the living voice; before them he would plainly put the case of his clients. He was commissioned by the Irish National Land League and Tenants' Defence Association.

The time of his departure was postponed considerably by a rumour, which seems to have been skilfully set afloat by some one from the neighbourhood of Dublin Castle, that the Government intended to arrest him on a charge of sedition, just as it had arrested Messrs. Davitt, Daly, Brennan, and Killen for words spoken at land meetings. Mr. Parnell boldly stayed to meet the arrest.

Finding that it came not, he, in conjunction with Mr. John Dillon, dared the Winter's storms and gave up the social pleasures of the festive Christmas season in the execution of their mission. Christmas Day he spent in the middle of the Atlantic; and as for storms, his voyage was one of the most tempestuous known. One of the finest of ocean steamers, which bore him and his patriotic colleague, was, by stress of weather, delayed between three and four days longer than the ordinary voyage. The excitement throughout Ireland was painful in its intensity as morning after morning went by after the eleventh day, and the telegraph had not flashed back the news of the vessel's safe arrival in New York harbour. When that welcome news did come, however, and all fear for Mr. Parnell's safety was at an end, there was a general and grateful sense of relief.

Landlordism dies hard. Scarcely had he set foot on the American shore than he found himself confronted by a host of hostile influences for which he could scarcely have been prepared. The cables had been busily employed against him in advance; a section of the press had been "nobbled"; so too had a section of prominent and once popular Irish-Americans. But the member for Meath was not a man to be easily dismayed. He fronted every foe in turn, and battled as stoutly and steadily in the new arena as in the old. In spite of all opposition, covert as well as open, his mission must be accounted a great success.

It is not necessary to follow him through his American tour. Suffice it to say that his progress was like that of some beloved monarch through crowds of rejoicing subjects. Cities contended for his presence; invitations rained on him; deputations waited on him from far off places; governors of States, mayors of towns, and other public dignitaries, thronged around him; the thunder of cannon saluted him in many places on his arrival; the citizen soldiery of a free people frequently lined his route or surrounded his carriage as guards of honour; great processions were organised for his reception; darkness was often banished for him by the glare of innumerable lighted torches; presentations of divers sorts flowed in on him—addresses of welcome, odes and poems, floral wreaths and bouquets; fetes and banquets were prepared for him in profusion; at wayside railway stations he was called on to speak from his car; the largest halls were everywhere secured for his lectures, and these were always crammed; nay, in Chicago, which has one of the vastest and finest opera-houses in the world, that building was deemed far too small for the accommodation of the many thousands who were eager to see and hear him, so the immense Exposition Building of the city was specially prepared for the delivery of his address, and twenty thousand persons, paying each either two or four shillings for the privilege of admission, gathered into the enormous hall on the night he spoke there. The admission fees to his lectures were invariably as high as at Chicago, and the various halls were as invariably packed. Not alone through those fees, but by direct subscription also, he received large sums of money, which he promptly transmitted to Ireland for relief purposes; to say nothing of the fact that by his presence and proceedings he briskly stimulated sources from which otherwise but little was to be expected, as in the case of the *New York Herald* fund. In short, the man who went to the United States to plead in behalf of a starving people, and denounce the most vicious system of land tenure in the world, had greater than a conqueror's triumphs in his marvellous progress. To crown all, he received from the legislature of the United States, as well as from several of the State legislatures, the highest honour it was in their power to pay, in the granting to him of the privilege of addressing them from the floor of the chamber precisely as if he were a member. The scene in the Washington House of Representatives was specially remarkable. The galleries of the House were packed immediately upon the opening of the doors, and the floor was filled with members and their wives and daughters to testify their recognition of the services rendered by Mr. Parnell to Ireland. The Speaker of the House introduced the distinguished guest in the following words:—

“The House will be in order. The session of this evening is in consequence of a resolution adopted by the House of Representatives, which the Chair will now cause to be read by the Clerk.”

Following the reading of the resolution, the Speaker said:—

“In conformity with the terms of this resolution I have the honour and pleasure to introduce to you Charles Stewart Parnell, of

Ireland, who comes among us to speak of the distresses of his country."

When the applause in the densely packed galleries had subsided, Mr. Parnell addressed the House, and was listened to with the closest attention. His address occupied about half an hour in its delivery, and was, says a listener, "a calm and able presentation of the evils under which Ireland suffers."

After the House, on the motion of Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina, had adjourned, a large number breasted the severe snow-storm raging to attend the serenade to Mr. Parnell at Willard's Hotel, tendered him by Professor Joyce's band. A collation had been prepared by the Congressional Reception Committee for their distinguished guests. Mr. Young, Governor of Ohio, presided; Mr. O'Connor acting as vice-president. Speaker Randall was also present; and, in truth, the whole company was a distinguished one.

The remarkable honour conferred on Mr. Parnell by the Washington House of Representatives had but three precedents—namely, in the cases of Lafayette, the hero of two continents; the celebrated Bishop England, of Charleston; and Kossuth, the noted Hungarian patriot, when in enforced exile. It should be noted also that the President, surrounded by his Cabinet, gave an audience to Mr. Parnell, as if he were the duly accredited envoy of some organised and independent foreign State. Such honours well mark the effect of the Irish ambassador's mission.

Here we bring to a close our biographical sketch, leaving Mr. Parnell to continue the noble career so well begun and continued, and which we feel assured, if life and health be spared to him, he will splendidly complete.

APPENDIX.

I.

SOME PARTICULARS OF C. S. PARNELL'S EARLY LIFE.

We are indebted to Mrs. Delia Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, for the following authentic particulars regarding his early career, in addition to those which will be found on an earlier page in the body of our biographical sketch :—

As a child he was remarkable for wit, poetical fancies, sprightliness, and enterprise.

At the age of seven, on the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1853, he amused his fellow-passengers in the Rathdrum stage, on his way home from school, by comparing the populations and military strength of the various European Powers, with a view to determining their respective chances in the event of a general European war. Some of the passengers remarked that the little fellow had been wonderfully well taught.

In alluding to his early taste for mechanical science, as exhibited in his efforts to construct a "perpetual motion" machine, Mrs. Parnell says : "Some danger attended his experiments about perpetual motion ; and when he feared an explosion he would call out to everyone to get out of the room, but remain in it near his machine himself." This anecdote of the boy is surely characteristic of the man ; for at least on two occasions during the land agitation in the West, at Balla and at Castlereagh, when there was imminent prospect of a collision between the armed police and the unarmed people, he displayed a like personal intrepidity and a similar care for the safety of others, flinging himself into the gap of danger, so that the lives of the people should not be imperilled.

Referring to his daring escapade in the effort to make bullets by pouring melted lead from the roof of the mansion of Avondale, Mrs. Parnell remarks : "It was a great undertaking for a small boy safely to lug an iron pot, such as potatoes are boiled in, but filled with hot coals, up two high pairs of stairs, two high ladders, the ascent from the lead valley in the midst of the slated roof to the top of it, and down to the coping around the roof. To this day his enterprises are vast, but with this advantage now—that the greatest enterprises have the greatest opinions, the greatest masses, and the greatest natural forces behind them."

Ampler details concerning Mr. Parnell's school life than we were able to give previously are here appended : "His education, after

having been considerably advanced at home, was continued, at seven years of age, at a small school, Miss Marly's, in Somersetshire, England, where, while eagerly and advantageously pursuing his studies, he fell ill, and lay for weeks almost at the point of death, through typhoid fever. Since then he has never enjoyed the robust health of his childhood, and the illness left an unnatural nervous irritability, which, however, he has conquered. Soon after this illness he was taken back to Ireland, and placed under a private tutor. After this he was sent to the Rev. Mr. Barton's, in Derbyshire, where he again improved greatly under the care and tuition of Mr. and Mrs. Barton, both of them kind and superior people. Mrs. Barton belonged to a celebrated literary family. I will remark," says Mrs. Parnell, "that particular pains were taken to place Charles with manifestly kind and religious people. Miss Marly was especially so. She was a Dissenter. After his father's death Charles was kept at home under a private tutor, until, at Lady Londonderry's instance, I sent him to the Rev. Mr. Wishaw's, in Oxfordshire, whence he went to Cambridge. Mr. Wishaw was a specially kind, highly educated, and accomplished tutor. All my son's tutors," continues Mrs. Parnell, "expressed a high opinion of Charles's abilities; and the tutors of my three sons reposed a peculiar trust in their honour and steadiness. All three have been remarkable for goodness and tenderness of feeling, industry, patience, and perseverance—attributes remarkably derived." The reader of these pages will, we are sure, concur with Mrs. Parnell in deeming those attributes "remarkably derived." Few men had ever more illustrious ancestry.

We get a pleasant glimpse of Charles Stewart Parnell's natural generosity of disposition, as well as of the warmth of Irish feeling which kindly treatment ever evokes, from the following:—"Charles always deprecated any lack of hospitality at his early home, wanting every man and beast that came to it to be entertained; and I found, while I was a widow, that tenants and retainers who needed it while travelling, adopted my house as a home, as in feudal times, while, such was the devotion of the people on our place to us, I thought that did we require it we could raise a corps of defenders among them. Nothing could exceed the faithfulness and unselfishness of our employees."

Another pleasant glimpse—one of family life—is afforded in the appended passage: "My children have always been good and devoted to one another. Charles, in particular, has shown that the child was father to the man; for the energy and devotion he now manifests to his country—to those who need a mighty help—are the outgrowth of his youthful activity and consideration in favour of his family, and of his feeling, just, and indulgent judgments, respect, and unselfishness towards all who came near him. In these traits, and in his prudence, he resembles his late uncle, my devoted brother, Colonel Charles Tudor Stewart, who was perfect as a son, a brother, an uncle, and a friend."

II.

FURTHER PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE PARNELL FAMILY.

In the *Freeman's Journal* of February 15, 1821, a correspondent who signs himself "C.," and dates from "16 Parliament-street, 12th February, 1821," writes as follows of Mr. C. S. Parnell's grandfather, William Parnell, brother of Sir Henry, and M.P. for county Wicklow, to whom but a passing reference was made in a previous page :—

"Few men in modern times excelled the late William Parnell, Esq., in those virtues which may be beneficially recorded. Descended from an illustrious family, he obtained his first literary instructions under the superintendence of his incorruptible and patriotic father—the late Sir John Parnell, Bart. Passing over the scenes of infancy and early youth, I find Mr. Parnell a distinguished student in the University of Cambridge, excelling in the cultivation of the liberal sciences, unequalled in chaste literature. He returned to his native land at the period of his maturity. The first emotion of his generous and exalted mind was sorrow for the condition of his country, and his first desire was to remedy some portion of her manifold evils. He could not refer to the situation of his Catholic countrymen in any other terms than those of shame and abhorrence ; neither was he content to linger out his days in inactive and unprofitable sympathy.

"In 1806 he published his excellent work upon the Penal Code affecting the Catholic body, in which he reviewed, with boldness and brilliancy, the bad policy of past ages, and was the first to trace, in a manner becoming an efficient statesman, the cruel and pernicious ramifications of that system.

"In 1807 he sent forth his 'Apology for the Irish Catholics,' in which he exhibited in vivid colours the injustice of the imputations made against that body.

"He continued to the latest period of his life the same spirit of friendly exertion, in and out of the senate, to promote their claims, and had nearly completed an invaluable History of the Irish Roman Catholics, enumerating their many grievances and sufferings from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present period.

"The poorer classes of his countrymen were the dearest objects of his anxious and earnest solicitude. He studied their wants and sustained their interests with a care and devotion almost chivalrous. His kindly heart was deeply grieved by the neglect of education to which the peasantry were exposed, and his earnest labours were daily engaged in endeavours to alleviate the evil.

"Every attempt to educate the poor could claim a participation in his patronage and purse ; and his last effort was to obtain from the Government a grant for the education of the Catholic poor on principles unobjectionable in theory and practical in application. He found

there were objections made to the reading of the Testament unaided by the guidance of any annotations ; his wish was to serve, and not offend, and accordingly, in the true spirit of his comprehensive liberality, he published, at his own expense, five thousand copies of the notes approved of by the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Ireland, to be gratuitously distributed with the New Testament.

“His forbearance and consideration towards his numerous tenantry obtained a return of attachment the most enviable and animated, the natural result of the excellent qualities of the heart that render the relation of landlord and tenant a reciprocal blessing.

“Possessing captivating manners, a cultivated mind, and eminent rank and connexions, his society was cherished and appreciated by the most exalted ; but his desire was to be useful rather than ornamental, and he manifested the sincerity of that predilection by his deportment through life. He endured the most severe of human afflictions—the loss of a beloved, amiable, and endearing wife—with the resignation that became a Christian, but with a sorrow that would not be discreditable to the most dignified philosophy. Indeed that calamity bore heavily upon him to the last ; but his parental solicitude was only increased, if possible, by the additional duties that devolved upon him.

“He was a good man in all his courses ; but as a father he excelled almost inimitably. The education of his children occupied a principal portion of his time and thoughts ; these tender orphans, bearing the marks of his care, now furnish living proofs of the excellent qualities of their lamented guide, director, and parent.

“On Friday, the 22nd of December, 1820, he had been occupied with the Right Honourable Secretary for Ireland, in procuring through him a grant of £3,000 annually, to be vested in the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, for the education of their poor ; and that day, on which he had completed the preliminaries to carry his benevolent design into effect, having proved unusually wet, he caught a severe cold that terminated in a malignant fever. He died at the house of his revered and distinguished father-in-law, Colonel Howard, on the 2nd of January, 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age, being ill but eleven days.

“No man was ever withdrawn from the busy scene of life more beloved, revered, and esteemed by those who were favoured with his acquaintance ; and few have left behind them more acute lamentations for the departure of generous philanthropy and honoured worth. One who valued him in life, pays this inadequate tribute to his memory.”

The two eldest of Mr. C. S. Parnell's brothers have been long dead. One, William Tudor Parnell, fell a victim to bad vaccination, after a long struggle, in his infancy. The other, Hayes Parnell, was a most promising youth. From the age of six or thereabouts he evinced tendencies which afterwards developed into remarkable literary and artistic talent, and he was early noted for patriotism.

He wrote both prose and poetry well while still a boy ; and in his passion for military and naval life was wont to cover sheets of paper with original battle-scenes, and with plans for constructing the best and swiftest ships. When he wished to ascertain areas, while as yet he was ignorant of the very name of Euclid, he drew, for the sake of accuracy, problems of his own invention. Although a pleurisy carried him off at so youthful an age as fifteen, he had written a "History of Ireland as she is to be," in which he introduced laws of his own framing for her free government.

John Howard Parnell, Mr. C. S. Parnell's elder living brother, who was a Home Rule candidate for the representation of Wicklow county at the general election of 1874, has attained singular success in the growing of peaches on his land in Alabama. He has been mentioned in agricultural periodicals, especially "for having obtained by his skill the best and largest peaches ever grown. Their size is almost incredible." In quality they are said to reach perfection ; and the number of them Mr. J. H. Parnell annually produces is astonishing. He was the first to export peaches in good condition from America to Ireland. Of his estate in the county Armagh the corporation of Trinity College is the head landlord. Mrs. Parnell describes him as having more of the physical strength of Sir John Parnell, whom he is said to resemble, than her other sons ; and relates of him the following anecdote :—

"When a boy, having received some great provocation, but unwilling to hurt anyone weaker than himself, he seized hold of a heavy mahogany old-fashioned arm-chair, and saying, 'I must hurt something,' smashed it to pieces at one blow on the floor." She sums up his character by saying that he is "full of pity and kindness for everyone."

Mr. C. S. Parnell's younger brother, Henry Tudor Parnell, at the very threshold of manhood gave practical effect to the theory of peasant proprietorship by disposing of his estate to those who tilled it. Mrs. Parnell says of him :

"My youngest son, always a hard worker and student, and delicately honourable, showed extraordinary business capacity, immediately on coming of age, in the rearrangement of his property and its sale to his tenants." The name of the estate thus referred to is Clonmore. It furnished the courtesy title of the eldest sons of the Earls of Wicklow.

III.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS REGARDING C. S. PARNELL'S MATERNAL ANCESTRY.

"My grandfather, Charles Stewart," writes Mrs. Parnell, "quartered the royal arms of Scotland, which were on a large quantity of family plate he brought with him to this country ; but at the time

of the Revolutionary war, when the distress in this infant country (the United States) was extreme, his widow—who, besides being of Milesian origin, was still further revolutionised in this land, and being by his death freed from the influence of her semi-Scotch husband and of the little god of love (more potent than blood)—melted down her plate to help suitably to rear her eight children, which was a matter of primary importance. This she did through the urgency of her son-in-law, John MacAuley, father of Admiral MacAuley, of the United States navy. She was a lady of excellent education, polished manners, superior beauty of face and figure, and strong and unblemished character. All her children prospered, through her kind and yet severe training. Soft as a mother's heart is to her manly boys, she did not hesitate to punish them, particularly for the least breach of truth or chivalry.

“Her son Charles was full of fun, and sometimes of mischief. I remember his telling me how severely his mother punished him for upsetting the stall of an apple-woman—so severely that he never did the like again. I remember hearing that when his dancing master's back was turned he would amuse himself pulling out the peg (the article used in those days) that stopped up his master's barrel of beer. It was from dancing school he ran away to sea. His mother did not contemplate such ‘steps’ on his part. She had promised his father on his death-bed that his son should never embrace a seafaring life.

“My father inherited from his parents, and, as I remember, from his mother certainly, the grace and dignity of his carriage and the charm of his manner and conversation. I remember the delightful stories she told and the sweet songs she sang at ninety-three and later. She never seemed old in any respect. Her husband must have been very attractive to have captivated, when so much older than herself, this charming beauty, and a reputed heiress of fifteen. She blamed some of her family for encouraging her elopement, as they coveted her prospective wealth, and wished to get rid of her. Only to my father, I believe, she mentioned their names, she so disdained their conduct.

“Her husband, Charles Stewart, gave half his fortune to the Revolutionary Government, and so helped to impoverish his family, as they never received any compensation for its surrender. My father, I have been told, gave the ships he owned to the United States Government in the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and received no remuneration beyond what his sword brought him. With similar devotion to a yet poor country, he never urged his claims to large amounts of prize-money, including those for the capture of the Levant and several British merchantmen, the latter not mentioned in his life. My grandfather, William Tudor, or Judge Tudor, as he was called, also generously spent a colossal fortune in benefiting individuals, the public of Boston and its environs. Both sides of my family were wealthy at first, and, for this land then, immensely wealthy. Therefore, but for the traits mentioned, and had they let

their means moderately take care of themselves, we would have been among the richest of the rich in this rich country. However, we have been taken care of by a wise Power, and their descendants have never been seen begging their bread. I tell the story that it may point a moral and adorn a tale.

“My father, it was said by English gentlemen visiting this country, had the most fascinating manners of any gentleman in it—a wide assertion; for none, in old grand grace, urbanity, wit, and intelligence united, not even French noblemen of the *ancien regime*, surpass Southern gentlemen in these States. But my father was descended from Irish gentlemen, under the hollow of whose feet water could run without touching them; from a race that even in the poorest looked to me, a young American nurtured among great men, when I first landed at Kingstown, as one and all gentlemen at ease, as they lounged about with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm and clean while looking for a job. If it is true that what is bred in the bone will come out in the breeding, the Irish must have drunk, in better days, of congenial Pierian springs, and, for mother-milk, sucked honey from Hybla; for no fustian can disguise, no hardship obliterate, the keen intellect, the ready wit, the noble composure of their solid substratum, their ancient foundation.

“A brother of Mrs. Segrave (a late resident in the county Wicklow), while he was a midddy in the Cyane or Levant, was in great terror at false stories told him of American conquerors, which my father noticing, patted the little fellow on the back, and told him to fear nothing. My father also paroled and helped home the crews and officers of those two ships.

“When taking some prizes into Gibraltar he was vexed by Admiral Lord Carysfort’s sending an officer to one of them to investigate their business, but the officer in command of said prize threatened to cut the first man down who stepped on board. My father afterwards went to Portsmouth in England to complain of Lord Carysfort’s interference, and received an apology from the Admiralty. One of my kindest friends afterwards was the brother of the said Admiral. Granville Leveson, Lord Carysfort, married my late husband’s aunt, and I used to fight my father’s battles over again with him in a friendly way, though argumentative.

“My father told me that the great mistake of his life had been not valuing my mother as she deserved; that the brilliancy of his career had in a great measure been due to her, and through her sympathies and influences had been destined to be still better and brighter. She knew Latin and Greek, and besides fluently spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Her performance on the piano was famed in France, England, and America; her oil paintings are still a theme for admiration; and she played the harp exquisitely. Her memory of history in particular was extraordinary, and her eloquence overpowering. A lady said to me, ‘Every word that falls from her mouth is a jewel.’ Her soul was too great for her means and her sphere. Her exertions to serve others knew no

limits. Many owed their comfort, their happiness, their existence to her; for her purposes were never small, her efforts never weary. She was the amanuensis of my father while he was on the Pacific station, and wrote his French and Spanish letters. He said to me, when he was nominated for the Presidency of this country, that had he appreciated my mother's abilities in time she would have had him made President ten years previously, 'for she could do anything she liked.' In every relation of life my mother was a glowing example of every virtue. Her filial devotion was mentioned from the pulpit.

"As I peruse the letters of different members of my family I am struck by their far-sightedness and accuracy of detail and judgment. My mother daily evinced a penetration almost superhuman, and a prevision that seemed prophetic. But as too little attention is often paid to woman's wit, notwithstanding the familiar phrase of 'mother-wit,' she was often compared to Cassandra at the siege of Troy. I can conceive nothing more painful to human feeling than as a woman to be compelled, like some of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, to cry 'Wo! wo!' and yet remain unheeded; and I believe that life in its struggles, its future, is in tenderness veiled to woman, as a rule; and further, that so she seems meant to typify, to exemplify, the warmth and intelligence, the hope and charity, at whose pure founts the infant man may be nurtured, strengthened, and upheld to surmount the difficulties that chiefly beset the widest sphere of action—from whose purer hands he may depart winged for a double mission, like Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Woman's mission is chiefly to pity, to aid, the feeble and the suffering; and in her sorrow how wide that mission may become! History shows that, for good or evil, often, as is the mother, so is the son; and private life shows too often that as is the mother for nullity, frivolity, or selfishness, so is the son. Many a man who would respond on some angelic mission to Béranger's lines—

"Plaignez le peuple, il souffre, et tout grand homme
Auprès du peuple est l'envoyé de Dieu"—

has surely felt and acknowledged a mother's sacred influence.

"I am informed that the name Ford is of purely Milesian origin, and am therefore inclined to think that, as nothing has ever done so, nothing ever will quench the ardour and pertinacity which seem inherent in all my children, the power to struggle and to overcome, and which succeeds in whatever field is open to it—in whatever the hand finds to do. Let us hope it may be accompanied too by the keen vision to see the open door, the rift in the cloud; by the faith to behold, while yet unseen, the blessings that lie buried, but germinating for a greater birth, in the Isle of Saints, the Isle of the West, the isle whose hope, tried and purified as silver in the fire, but undimmed still, awaits the rising sun of prosperity. 'To everything there is a time.' Some one, some side, must tire first; and all efforts, if not relinquished, are by practice made perfect."

The Tudors—the other branch of Charles Stewart Parnell's maternal ancestry—have a history full of interest. They were of Spanish origin, and afterwards settled in Wales, whence divers branches of the family pushed out into positions of prominence, like the line of Tudor sovereigns who swayed the destinies of England so extraordinarily in their day. The first of the family who is known to have appeared on the American shores was a Colonel Tudor, an officer in the British army. In all probability he went there with his regiment, helping to hold the colonies for the British crown. After his death, his widow, a woman of high spirit, disagreeing with her late husband's relatives, boldly left them, trusting to her own resources, and with her only son John repaired to Boston. Good looks have long been a noted Tudor characteristic. Even Henry the Eighth, before he became bloated and disfigured by sensuality, is said to have had a magnificent presence. The John Tudor mentioned above did not lack the family speciality. He “was noted for his beauty, grace, gentlemanliness, and accomplishments.” Probably his widowed mother had been compelled, from want of means, to bring him up in the pinching school of hardship, and that thus he acquired a close-fistedness foreign to the family nature and habits. Certain it is that close he was, notwithstanding his graces of form and manner ; so close that he contrived to amass an immense fortune at a time when the British colonies in America, through lack of industries, offered but very meagre opportunities for fortune-building to even the clearest commercial heads. He left a son William in possession of his wealth ; and this William Tudor, revolting from the experiences of his early years, and as if in protestation against the niggardliness so long beneath his eyes, spent his money with an absolutely “imperial benevolence and generosity.”

William Tudor, who was born at Boston on the 28th March, 1750, studied at Harvard College, and graduated in 1769, was a splendid man, physically and morally. He had in perfection what was called “the Tudor eye”—“a large, brilliant, dark-blue eye.” He possessed at once the extremes of courage and tenderness, and was as unselfish as he was clear-headed. He was a very accomplished man, and a fine writer. In his young manhood he studied law, under the celebrated John Adams ; but the study did not ossify his heart. Even while still little more than a boy his chosen friends were among the best and honestest of his contemporaries. While the bloody quarrel of the North American colonies with Great Britain was as yet looming in the distance, William Tudor had for bosom companions only those who might be counted on to take the side of their native country against the foreign crown. One of these intimates was his teacher of legal lore, John Adams, who, having discovered how niggardly John Tudor was in supplying money to his student son, wrote, without the knowledge of the latter, to the former, appealing to him to give William a more liberal allowance, to help his advancement in life. “If your son were infected with

the follies and vices so fashionable among many of the young gentlemen of our age and country," urged Adams, "I would never become an advocate for him, without his knowledge, as I now am, with his father. I should think, the more he was restrained, the better. But I know him to have a clear head, and an honest, faithful heart. He is virtuous, sober, steady, industrious, and constant in his office. He is as frugal as he can be in his rank and class of life, without being mean. It is your peculiar felicity to have a son whose behaviour and character are thus deserving."

William Tudor was admitted to the Suffolk bar on the 27th July, 1772. He had but little time to acquire a name before the revolution came. He counted on his list of intimates some of the most distinguished patriots of the day. There could be but one side in the strife for the young lawyer, and that side was his country's. Of course he might have acted the coward's part, and remained neutral; but he had come of a strong and daring race, and with their hot blood surging in his veins he could not stand idle while others were arming for the fray. He made his way to Bunker's Hill, and, as a volunteer, took part in the action. After the retreat of the American insurgents from that hard-fought field, William Tudor joined the army in a regular manner, and served under Generals Lee and Washington. The latter made him his aide-de-camp—a fact which sufficiently attests that he had distinguished himself for bravery and coolness in the hour of peril.

There was a tender and romantic side to William Tudor's nature. At the very time that the insurrection began, and indeed for a considerable period before that, he was ardently attached to a young lady named Delia Jarvis, whose sympathies were entirely with the royalists. He spent seven years in striving to induce her to accept him. Mrs. Parnell writes of her:

"She had romantic ideas of feminine character, which she always maintained. Her strongly æsthetic tastes led her to prefer courtly circles; and her gentle, indulgent disposition to deprecate wars, and long for a compromise. Nevertheless she was considered to be a loyalist, and showed considerable spirit as such. For instance, when Boston opinion was all aflame about the tea question she gave a tea-party. Whoever used this herb was considered a foe to the country, and a rigid inquisition and vigilance were maintained to prevent its use. A sprig of tea," Mrs. Parnell continues, "might be our national emblem, for its familiar shape involved then a principle soon to be combated by open war."

The young lady's loyalist feelings, however, did not always go unhurt. In her son William's *Life of Otis* the following passage referring to her occurs:—

"After the battle [of Bunker's Hill], a young person living in Boston, possessed of very keen and generous feelings, bordering a little perhaps on the romantic, as was natural to her age, sex, and lively imagination, finding that many of the wounded [American] troops brought over from the field of action were carried by her re-

sidence, mixed a quantity of refreshing beverage, and, with a female domestic by her side, stood at the door and offered it to the sufferers as they were borne along, burning with fever and parched with thirst. Several of these, grateful for her kindness, gave her, as they thought, consolation, by assuring her of the destruction of [the British]. One young officer said, 'Never mind it, my brave young lady; we have peppered 'em well, depend on it!' Her dearest feelings were thus unintentionally lacerated, while she was pouring oil and wine into their wounds."

Courting this lady under the circumstances was no easy task for one whom, while her sympathies went out to him as a man, her prejudices taught her to regard as a criminal because of his having become "a rebel to his sovereign." Court her, however, and persistently too, he did. He kept up a correspondence with her during the war, as full as opportunity permitted, usually beginning his long letters with "My fair loyalist," and ending them with "Your devoted rebel"—a mode of address calculated to laugh her prejudices away. Nor was he satisfied to confine himself to epistolary pleadings. In spite of dangers and difficulties he contrived to meet her. In Drake's "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex" the following passage occurs:—

"His courtship of the lady who afterwards became his wife was prosecuted under very romantic circumstances. By the hostilities which had broken out he was separated from the object of his affections, who was residing on Noddles Island (East Boston) in the family of Henry Howell Williams. The British fleet which lay off the island rendered it dangerous to approach it in a boat. A boyish acquisition was now of use to the gallant colonel. He was an excellent swimmer. Tying his clothes in a bundle on his head, he, like another Leander, swam the strait between the island and the main, paid his visit, and returned the way he came. It is related of Colonel Tudor that when a boy, being on a visit aboard an English line-of-battle ship in Boston harbour, the conversation turned on swimming. Tudor proposed to jump from the taffrail rail—which in ships of that time was at a considerable height from the water—if anyone would do the same. A sailor accepted the challenge. The boy took the leap, but the man was afraid to follow."

In the end the colonel's wooing prospered. The most bigoted "fair loyalist" that ever was could not go on for years receiving letters signed "your devoted rebel" from a man to whom she was really attached without suffering a considerable abatement of her devotion to her sovereign. Further, Miss Jarvis had an innate horror of war; and it was but natural that during the colonel's long absence she should torture herself with dreadful imaginings of what might happen to him at any moment. So she put an end to her torments by deserting from the royalists, and, going over to the enemy's camp, joined her life and fortunes with Colonel Tudor's.

Honours showered on Colonel William. He was appointed Judge-Advocate-General of Washington's army, and held a military posi-

tion equal to that of general. He presided over the courts-martial at Cambrldge after Washington's arrival there. In his position of Judge-Advocate-General, his legal training and abilities gave him great advantages over mere military men; and these he employed with success in defence of many an accused one. In especial, a Colonel Henley, who was charged with unmilitary conduct towards British prisoners in his care, had reason to be grateful to the Advocate-General. We read: "Henley owed his acquittal mainly to the exertions of Colonel Tudor in his behalf. The evidence showed that the prisoner had acted under great provocation; but what most influenced the result was the startling testimony adduced of the mutinous spirit prevalent among the British soldiers."

When the war was over, and the colonel's sword sheathed, he returned to Boston, and to the practice of his profession, wherein he achieved a reputation as "an eminent counsellor." He became a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and afterwards of the Senate. He held the high office of Secretary of State in 1809 and 1810. He was appointed vice-president of the Cincinnati of Massachusetts in 1816, and was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in whose "Collections" appears an extended memoir of him. He was an elegant and a spirited public speaker, and his talents in this line, as in others, were frequently drawn on by his fellow-citizens of Boston. He paid a visit to Europe and saw the state of Ireland with his own eyes. Mrs. Parnell says of him: "I have many charming letters of my grandfather, in one of which he forcibly condemns from Ireland the British government there. His letters are a wonderful exemplification of his excellence and attractiveness as a father, son, and husband. He begins one letter to his wife with 'My truest friend;' and ends it, 'I must cease to feel and to reflect ere I cease to love and to admire you.' John Adams and Judge Tudor kept up a long and interesting correspondence—a very valuable one, being especially on political subjects of the day. In John Adams's works, edited by a descendant of his, his letters to Judge Tudor are published." The judge died on the 8th July, 1819.

"Miss Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, wrote a beautiful account of my grandmother," Mrs. Parnell says. "In it she mentions my grandmother's resolution to do or say something to contribute to the happiness of each one she daily met; and her learning Spanish at the age of seventy. Through her letters in Spanish she procured from General Tacon the monopoly of the ice-trade in Cuba for her son Frederic. She read, wrote, and mended fine lace, without spectacles, to ninety-two years of age. Her poetry was very fine. One day, my mother, coming in with the *Washington National Intelligencer*, said, 'I have found a rare thing—a fine piece of poetry in the newspaper,' and read out, to my grandmother's surprise, a piece by herself on a Fourth of July oration by John Quincy Adams at the Capitol, where several old revolutionary soldiers were present. My mother was delighted to learn that her own mother

wrote it. The latter was descended from some of the adventurous Puritans who sought this shelter, and the name Delia was originally Deliverance. She is mentioned in Comte de Segur's memoirs. Her home in Boston, wherein her two beautiful and accomplished daughters did the honours, was the rendezvous of all the French officers stationed near. She addressed some fine verses in French to Marie Antoinette, which were acknowledged by the latter.

"Of her two daughters, Emma married Robert Hallowell Gardiner, of Oaklands, Gardiner, Maine; and Delia married Commodore Charles Stewart, of the United States navy. Emma had the splendid Tudor eye, and her mother's delicate complexion, auburn hair, and exquisite figure. Delia, my mother, had the Norman combination of fine, curling, coal-black hair, blue eyes, and a complexion like a tinted rose-leaf. She was tall, and remarkable for fine-cut regular features, symmetry, grace, and a dignity and elegance of carriage that were truly regal."

Besides his two daughters, Judge Tudor left two sons, William and Frederic, both very remarkable men. William, the eldest, had a strongly intellectual bent of nature. While almost an infant he had imbibed his mother's horror of war, and if anyone sang in his presence the once popular song, "Oh, what a glorious thing's a battle! drums a-beating, colours flying," he would burst out a-sobbing. Ordinarily, however, he was a bright-witted and lively little boy. When about three years of age he climbed on to the table after a dinner-party, and was engaged in draining the wine-glasses when the black butler of the family discovered him. To disarm the negro's wrath the little fellow seized a glass and cried, "Your health, Mr. Pompey!" so much in the fashion of his elders that the butler did no more than grin. From Blake's and Drake's (American) Biographical Dictionaries the following memoir of William Tudor has been compiled:—

"Tudor, William, scholar and diplomatist, was born at Boston, the 28th of January, 1779. He graduated at Harvard College with distinguished honour in 1796; and soon after visited Europe for the improvement of his mind. He was an observant traveller, and treasured up for future use a vast and varied fund of information and anecdote. He returned to his native country with an ardent desire for the improvement of his fellow-citizens in arts and literature. He was the projector and first editor of the *North American Review*"—the same distinguished periodical in the April 1880 number of which appears his relative Charles Stewart Parnell's splendid paper on the Irish land question—"which Review has since become identified with the best literature of our country. In whatever Mr. Tudor undertook he had a single eye to the intellectual advancement of his countrymen. No man in public life was ever more distinguished. When a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, he proposed many plans in aid of his favourite object; but they met with opposition from those who, though they respected his motives, considered him a visionary. Several of his projects have, however,

since been accomplished, and in the very manner that he first suggested. For two years he wrote all the first pages of the *North American Review* himself. According to himself, he wrote the whole of the first number, even to the notices, &c., in it. He had previously aided in founding the Anthology Club, publishing his European Letters in their magazine, the *Monthly Anthology*, begun in November, 1803, continued until 1811, and supported by the best pens in Boston. In November 1805 he founded the ice-traffic in tropical climes as the agent of his brother Frederic, which has grown to be an important branch of commerce; and he was afterwards engaged in other commercial transactions in Europe requiring ability and address. Mr. Tudor was the originator of the present Bunker's Hill monument, and one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum in 1807. In 1823 he was named consul at Lima, Peru; and in 1827 was appointed charge d'affaires at the court of Brazil, where he negotiated a treaty, the last of his public works. Mr. Tudor acquired the personal affection of the emperor, and the respect and admiration of the corps diplomatique. His character as a literary man and an accomplished gentleman had preceded him; and it was well observed that his country was honoured in such a representative. Besides his contributions to several periodicals, and his critiques in the *North American Review*, he published 'A Discourse before the Humane Society,' 1817; 'Letters on the Eastern States,' 1820; 'Miscellaneous,' 1821; 'Life of James Otis,' 1823; 'Gebel Teir,' 1828. He died at Rio Janeiro, the 9th of March, 1830." He was only in his fifty-fourth year then; and he succumbed to an illness which had its origin a great many years before in an act of kindly humanity, when, travelling in Germany, and seeing a soldier's wife with her infant on the outside of the coach at night in a storm of rain, he gave his own inside place to the poor woman and child, and took her outside one himself. The climax of his disease was brought about by laborious journeys, on foot as well as on horseback, into the wild and mountainous interior of Brazil. Mrs. Parnell writes of him:—

"Lord Ponsonby, one of his colleagues at the court of Dom Pedro the First, said that such was my uncle William Tudor's humane and judicious advice, and such the influence he exerted over the emperor, who consulted him on all occasions, that had he lived the emperor never would have lost his throne. A succeeding consul told me that my uncle William's beauty and nobility of form and feature made a never forgotten impression on him. He thought he had never seen anyone so handsome. He resembled my mother. This consul also related to me the first act of my uncle on coming aboard the ship where this future consul was—an act which in its simplicity and greatness seemed fitly to accompany his appearance. The mate of the vessel had died on board, leaving his widow and orphaned children at Callao, Peru. My uncle spontaneously and immediately gave them a home in his house, until they could be comfortably sent to their own home and friends. How few consuls

thus treat their exiled countrymen ! I remember the terrible grief and desolation of my mother's heart and home when the news of his death reached us at Washington. The diplomatic corps there called to condole with my poor mother. Congress had his very remarkable diplomatic correspondence published—for use and enjoyment both."

Of her uncle, Frederic Tudor, brother of the William above noticed, and whose genius lay more in the commercial line, Mrs. Parnell supplies the information subjoined :—

"Through gigantic endeavours, though often frustrated, he succeeded in restoring his family fortunes and the prestige of the Tudors for wealth. He discovered how to preserve ice for long journeys, and conceived the idea that the chief staple of New England—viz., ice—should be a chief source of profit ; and he gathered a harvest of precious metal from frozen waters. The ice he sent, especially to the East Indies, has preserved many a life. He received specially handsome acknowledgments of his services from the East Indies.

"Some of the agents in the West Indies not at first succeeding, he chartered a vessel, freighted it with ice, and sailed in it himself to the West Indies. I have seen a letter written then by his tender and terrified mother, expressing her fears lest the ice should melt on the voyage and the vessel be capsized. But he went ; and, like the farmer in the fable, immediately prospered by attending to his business himself.

"He was remarkable for his wit and for his strong character, which made him, while very droll, very incisive in his speech, and very forcible in his views. He had the peculiar beauty of the family then—black hair, blue eyes, a fine figure, a high broad forehead, and regular features. At his fine place at Nahant he made prize peaches grow on a rock just over the sea, and discovered how to prevent them being injured by the salt in the atmosphere while they received the full advantage of the air. His letters are very entertaining. So also are the letters of his sister, my aunt Emma. I remember particularly her poetical expressions ; and a line in one of her letters, while I was a child, when, describing a place she was in, she wrote, 'The frogs croak a bass to the whistling wind.'"

[THE END.]

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